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### WINIFRED WINTHROP;

OR, THE

### LADY OF ATHERTON HALL.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

NEW YORK:

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Southern District of New York.

#### WINIFRED WINTHROP:

OR,

### THE LADY OF ATHERTON HALL.

#### CHAPTER I.

THE SUSPECTED CLERK.

"The dignity of truth is lost."

With much protesting."

BEN JONSON.

ATHERTON HALL crowned a green eminence, a score of rods from the broad sweep of the Charles river; and from its windows the eye ranged over a delightful variety of scenery, hill and valley, forest and meadow land; while a couple of miles to the east, Charlestown monument lifted up its granite finger against the sky; and in a long, continuous line the spires of Boston glittered in the sunlight. The distant horizon met the sea; the sea so darkly blue, that but for the sails which dotted, here and there, its calm bosom, you would have thought an azure cloud had descended, to rest for a season upon the earth.

At the hall door, a carriage was waiting on this fair June of which we write—a sumptuous carriage, with two gray horses, and a liveried driver. Miss Winifred Atherton, the

lady of Atherton Hall, pleased to take an airing.

She came down the broad steps at last: this lagging Winnifred, leaning on the arm of her father. The young lady—she had not seen more than fifteen summers—was a beautiful picture to look upon. Father and daughter were all in all to each other—the last of a noble family. The wife and mother had slept for years in the bosom of a green grave at Auburn; the blue-eyed babe of six years was nestled to her side—the only son and brother had died at sea, and been laid to rest by rough but kindly hands in the great deep.

Robert Atherton's vast wealth would go to this daughter of his. No wonder the little lady could afford to be scornful; no wonder she walked the ground like a very queen; she had been ruler at Atherton Hall so long that a spirit of command had become with her second nature.

The pair were whirled rapidly toward Boston. Mr. Atherton to his place of business, on Broad-street; Miss Winifred to spend the day with Mrs. Marchmont, on Beacon-street.

The carriage was nearly opposite the police-office, when it suddenly came to a halt, its further progress impeded by a crowd about the door of the tribunal.

Winifred contented herself with tapping the velvet carpet for awhile with her dainty foot, then she grew impatient, and spoke.

"What is the cause of this delay?"

"Some trial of interest, going on here, I should conclude, from the number of curious ones assembled," returned Mr. Atherton.

"Well, then, if we are to remain here, I see not why we should miss of gratifying our curiosity by witnessing the remarkable performance. I am going in to see for myself. It will be something entirely novel for me."

"My daughter! Winifred Atherton! you go into a policecourt! What can you be thinking of?"

"You are brow-stricken, papa, but you will go in with me, I know."

Her hand pressed his arm; those eyes, so like her dead mother's, looked into his. He never could resist Winnifred when in that mood.

"It is very foolish in you, my dear, to wish to mix with yonder vulgar crowd."

He alighted from the carriage, and handed Winifred out. The interest of the court-room was turned from the prisoner to center around the millionaire and his daughter. The scene within the office was by no means an uncommon one in a large city. A young man of about sixteen was arraigned to be tried for forgery. The circumstances, as evolved by the evidence, were briefly these:

Gerard Middleton had been under-clerk in the wholesale dry-goods establishment of Chambers & Marshall. He had

enjoyed the confidence of his employers for two years; and his prompt attention to business had won the esteem of all connected with the store, except, perhaps, that of Charles Cooper, the accountant, between whom and young Middleton there had ever existed one of those mutual antipathies for which we often find it so difficult to assign a reason.

A fortnight previously, the name of the firm had been forged to a paper of importance—a draft upon the Blackstone Bank for nine hundred dollars. The check was presented by Gerard, thrown out as ungenuine by the paying teller, and the

clerk was detained on a charge of forgery.

The culprit stood before his judges, pale but composed; handsome he certainly was; and his bearing was quite as haughty as though he counted his money by the thousand dollars, instead of lacking a solitary copper. His defense was, simply, innocence. He had no knowledge of the check until it came, duly signed, into his hands; he was perfectly and entirely innocent. When did ever a statement of this kind, coming from one accused, have any weight? His employers looked upon it as a hardened evasion of the truth, and Middleton was about to be carried to prison in default of bail for fifteen hundred dollars.

Winifred's quick apprehension caught the facts of the case instantly; her heart responded sympathizingly to the look of desperate despair on the youth's face. She pressed her father's arm to secure his attention.

"Will you bail this Gerard Middleton, papa?"

"No, indeed! The saints forbid!" cried Mr. Atherton, in

righteous indignation.

"Then I must do it instead!" said Winnifred, with determination, and moving to the side of the magistrate, she spoke a few words in his ear. The good man started, frowned, and then smiled:

"My dear young lady, it is without precedent—this proposal of yours. It is not common for young girls to offer bail for

reckless characters like this Middleton."

"Granted. Nor yet were deluges common, but one occurred, nevertheless, in the time of Noah."

"If Miss Atherton is serious, and her father consents, no more can be said. Mr. Atherton, sir, we await your decision."

"Winifred may have her way. She is all I have to indulge, and she has taken a fancy to see the lad released. I will give bonds for him myself," returned Mr. Atherton, with much good humor; and directly the necessary papers being drawn up and signed, Gerard Middleton was pronounced at liberty.

He advanced to the side of Miss Atherton, and held out his hand. She put her jeweled fingers into his clasp. No word was uttered, but the dark brilliant eyes of the youth spoke most eloquently his gratitude. For a moment he looked into her face—then with a slight bend of his fine figure to the people in the court-room, he passed out.

"Well, daughter," said Mr. Atherton, when they were once more seated in the carriage, "you have liberated the young

scamp; what do you propose to do with him?"

"Do with him? Why, you will take him into the store, of course."

"There is not a single vacant place in the whole concern, and if there were a hundred, I would not admit one like him."

"If there is no vacancy, you must create a new place to be filled. A place for this Gerard Middleton's special benefit."

"Not to save his head!"

"Very well. Then I will find a situation for him."

"Eh! what?"

"Fall in love with his handsome face, and invite him to elope with me, if nothing more favorable offers. Our names would sound finely together, in the Morning Herald."

"Winifred Atherton, you will be in a lunatic asylum yet!

Elope with him indeed! Elope with a rascally clerk!"

"I shall be obliged to do so, father, unless you can put him in some place where he can earn his living; for, you see, a clerk has to eat, and drink, and wear coats like other men."

Mr. Atherton winced; he was used to this matter-of-fact dealing from his girl, and yet he did not like it.

"Perhaps I can get him into Porter's grocery as errand

boy. Too good for him, I dare say."

"And I will not permit him to go there to be ordered about by cross husbands and sour old maids, buying half a pound of sugar, and two ounces of tea. Recollect, Mr. Gerard is my property now." "Well, well, I will see about it. Perhaps Dalton can let

him into his department to assist in the job work."

"Nothing of the kind, dear papa. I veto that plan entirely. This boy has a proud spirit, or I have failed to read his face aright. He shall not be humbled in that way. It would make him reckless; perhaps, lead him to crime. Show him that you have confidence in his integrity, and he will die rather than forfeit your good opinion. He must be nothing less than a clerk!"

"Winifred, what a famous little autocrat you would make for the Russians. Every man's head in the empire would be struck off in a week, who refused to swear fullest allegiance to your madcap plots."

"Dear sir, you flatter me. Shall my despotic ladyship be indulged, and thus Gerard become the respected incumbent of a respectable and lucrative situation in the hardware estab-

lishment of Robert Atherton & Co.?"

"Yes, yes; I will hunt him up if only to rid myself of your teasing. He will be a drawback upon me, no doubt; forge my name, or steal my bank-notes, but he shall have some situation with me, if it be only to stand by my elbow and wipe my pens."

"Very good. You are philanthropic, father mine, for which

I kiss your cheek; and here we are!"

The coach drew up before a splendid stone mansion. In a few moments Winifred and pretty little Mrs. Marchmont were exchanging their delighted greetings in the shaded drawing-room; while Mr. Atherton, both vexed and amused with this new penchant of his daughter's, was borne rapidly down to his warehouses on Broad-street.

#### CHAPTER II.

#### LIGHT AND SHADE.

"But the suns will shine, and the rains will fall,
On the loftiest, lowliest spot;
And there's mourning and merriment mingled for all
That inherit the human lot."

GERALD MASSEY.

Mr. Atherton was as good as his word. Gerard Middleton was sought, found, and installed as assistant-correspondent in the counting-room of the wealthy merchant.

Young Middleton's history, previous to this time, was that of many another of his class. His father had been a poor but talented artist, who, dying young, left his widow and their child, Gerard, in a state of painful indigence. Mrs. Middleton came from a wealthy, as well as haughty family, and, having been disowned and cast off by these relatives, for wedding the man of her choice, she had too much of her kindred's stern pride, now, in her destitution to call upon them for assistance.

For three years she worked uninterruptedly for the tailor's shops in Boston, receiving in payment barely sufficient to keep soul and body together. The incessant toil and anxiety so wrought upon her slender frame that she was brought to a bed of sickness, from which she never arose. The kind physician—poor like herself—who, out of the Christian benevolence of his heart, visited her, said that only healthful food and country air could restore her. As well might he have prescribed the melted pearls of Cleopatra, or the powder of the Koh-i-noor diamond. For days the meager room where she dwelt was without fire—and night after night the darling boy went to his rude bed fasting, because there was no bread!

Mrs. Middleton's powers of life wasted away, and with hands meekly folded upon her breast, she committed herself to the care of the God whom she was not afraid to trust. He, seeing how weary of earth was her spirit, severed the silver thread, and rent in twain the golden bowl. Gerard Middleton

was crushed by the words of the physician, who had remained until the last:—"You are motherless."

The boy was ten years old; bright, active, and intelligent—and yet he was carried to the workhouse. There were privileges of learning there—and there he improved to the utmost. When thirteen, he was taken into the office of a legal gentleman as copyist. Here he remained a year or more, when his superior penmanship attracted the attention of Mr. Chambers, senior member of a dry goods firm, and after a little settlement of preliminaries, Gerard was domiciled with his new employers.

His only friend, during all this time, was Ruth Mowbray—a pauper, as he, himself, had been. Both of Ruth's parents had died in coming to this country from England; and their deighter had been consigned, by the captain of the veloch, to the home of the poor, immediately on their arrival in port.

Rath was two years Gerard's junion; a beautiful fair baired, but eyed girl; untainted by the associations which had of late surrounded her, and pure in heart as the white water-lily.

The Loy and the girl had continued like brother and sister: and as so mas Gorard was able to earn something, he insisted on sharing his pittance with her. Through his influence with Mr. Chanders, Ruth was received into the millinery store of Malane De Lanter, on Washin ton-street, as an apprentice; where her on their manners, and low by face, attracted many a customer to her employer's counter.

Gerard Middleton hall on but a few days in his new situation, when Mr. Atherton invited him to ride out to the Hull, and pasthe night. It was not exactly a cordial invitation, for the right mercical hall many doubts reporting his clark.

But it was Winifred's expressed placements of the supported for r, and her father could deny her nothing which had the shadow of reason about it.

Million was received, by the young miles of the Hall, with mer half him has; and after tea, she sather life work at smaller the attainments and qualifications of her project. Which I was a close questioner, and Million was obliced to can be that he has we no largue, a save his own, and that rather importedly; that he call not singuity, or object of in the dance.

"Very well," said Winifred, compose by—"I will touch you Latin and French. Sometime when I go into besites for myself, I am going to make you my foreign agant, and then the tongues of other nations will be of benefit to you."

"The Latin, in particular," observed Mr. Atherten.

"To be sure, if he should be engaged in purchasing made in as I suppose he will; for you know, papa, I have a rims thoughts of becoming a female physician."

"A female fiddle stick!" retorted Mr. Atherton, in lightly. Winifred was used to this most of her father's, so it did not trouble her in this instance, and she made an engagement to commence her les ons on the following evening. Mr. Atherton would bring the pupil up in his carriage, at right, and take him back in the morning, she said; and Mr. Atherton was obliged to nod assentingly.

And thus it happened that General Millian community within the influence of this proved, but warm longed Link As a during the equict seasons at her side, he have to he with meaning of every curl of her red lip, every the of his quantity head; he learned to four offen ling har, to have to this reher approbation; to look upon her as upon the evening star, so gorreously beautiful, yet so very far above his rooth.

During six months this quiet continued, and then the time appointed for his appearance at court drew nich. Grant this restless and uneasy; he feared condemnation, must be seen in would shut him away from his ster, then become disprace and humiliation.

It was the evening previous to the day on which his pains or innecence was to be established. Grants the transfer of the wasterness in the linear Winifred, repeating his task, when a note wasterness in the linear placed before him. He broke it open, run his a product over the contents, while a flush of joy mount late his product. He gave it to Winifred—she read it along:

"Mr. Genard Meddelton:—I am on the executive of higher a reflection. I am purposing to confest of Mass. Charles at Mass. Shall the guilt which I now confest of you. If real that he is upon the Blackstone Bank, and care hypertalls and heavily. I seems I hated you. I asked you cannot introduce the pretty sometice. Roth Mowley, and you have designed.

ing me some ball names that it is us less to repeat. I wanted to be revenged on you, but, as I am rather a good fellow, I am willing to be generous, especially as I can afford it, having recently follow bein to a fortune of a hundred thousand pounds, which for me in merry old England. I run no risk in exportating you; as, with my poverty, I renormed forever the plebelan name of the Charles Cooplin."

There was a light of trium; h in Winifre I's eyes as she finished reading.

"Well, father, what do you think now of my discernment?"
"It seems you were right, Winnie; and I beg Milliten's purl on for distructing him; but let up have no scenes. Go on with your conjugations."

All through the winter and early spring. Wintered devoted hers lifted her self-imposed task of teaching her father's clock, and the most sanguine teacher must have been associal dat the progress made by the scholar. Grant's intill towas quick and vicorous; and he complet at all some sof knowledge with aviding—just such an aviding as was placing to the exacting nature of Miss Atherton.

Late in May came Winith its sixt onth tirth by, and the quit too the half was entirely broken up. On the examinated which hade her sixt on, the late swas to be presented to sold ty-knought out in a crant respect on all. Preparations for this went event went replify forward, and MCD to his visits were interrupted. Premate from attach I take he per time up a the year of routy, in late her fining diamonds and reals speaked, and min I be only in the period of the visit and the period of the late of the late of the late of the period of the wide drawing-room.

Whithe I had promit Court to help and at the requirements the line I with a pointed the la, which did not a question eye of the patt I help. An on to ment, he sail, would prove the final form one gine the pleasure Mis Ather a so him by offer I him. Windre is the first, I had y; but she only sail—very well, Mr. Millian was at 12 day to do as he chose.

Chelsea with Ruth Mowbray—could be includingly property as well; he did not tell her that his only real not religions to be present at the fift, was been a be held not, in the will world, money enough to purchase a suit of clashes firing to wear to such an aristocratic assembly.

Just before the hour set apart for the arrivel of the green, while Winified was yet at her tollet, a simple cluber of will arbutus flowers, from and sweet in their pich theorem, come to her, with the name of Gerard Middle in write normality of paper which entwined the slender stems.

Those pure flowers found a resting-place in the silver increase of her hair that night, but Gerard was not the solven near the effect, and none knew the same, hat day in giver.

Winished Atherton was shott red to high intended strong as She could not have wish differed a red that the like its the tiest which hung around her wherever she may him him him had har she to differ at his smile, and in all that crowd of youth and have the still that some to compare with Winished. She show has been a red to have and powered; and she play had had not a red at the first and she play had had a red at the power of the results of a Theorem. She conversed—her lively with her that, the yersatility a tonished and chain the risk it is

Miller I Winthrop, the wealthy, influential, at 1 to 1 increases, acknowledged the power of bury. If a twice Winifest's are; a tall, grave, static man, - [6] and increase were circumstances of an etal with the action is increased but that there were circumstances of an etal with the increase are yearth that, if known, would can't not be transitioned but he was rich and powerful—and not can be and the forgotten memories.

Then the the same of rayety will here the day-party, she was the queen of every and by the center about which a train of said the ray lynd. It is harder that this home are, she we have the real of the real of the plant of the party of the party of the first time that the party of the party of the frosty mail.

Grant Million in the time to the last it. It is a fine in the

party, at her father's store, to assist in selecting bronzes and costly can lelibras for some newly-weedled friend. At such times he never greeted her, unless she first addressed him. He never lifted his face to hers, though the crimson deepend on his cheek, and the pen he held moved unsteadily over the paper. There was little of the car about this proud clerk; he would not fawn about the hand that might, the next moment, thrust him away.

Toward the close of October, a party was made up for an excursion to Mt. Holyoke, and a week's sojourn in its romantic vicinity. Mr. Winthrop was to accompany Mis Atherton; Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont and other triends were to be of the

I .rty.

It was a cloudless morning when they set forth—all anticipating a merry time, and all in good spirits. Winified saw, with some surprise, that Gerard Middleton occupied a seat near lar, and she spoke of it to Mr. Winthrop, who said that Mr. Atherton had sont the clerk out to Springfield on business connected with his trade.

The train proceeds is a Tly and sably; every wheel peri rined is duty. They reached a long bridge built over an
arm of the Chi-operiver. There was a momentary trendling
of the timbers, as the en ine plunged over them—then Winifred heard a dult, dead crash—she was sensible of nothing
in re, until Mr. Middleton, snatching her up in his arms, dushed with her out upon the platform. Not a moment's perdid he make to reply to her in Ugnant speech of resistance, but
with one athly the bound, he cleared the tottering platform, and

During her up with one arm, he struck out for the shore with the other, and in a few moments Winited, cold and dripping, stood up on the firm such. Her checks burned crimen, and her eyes fladed handstily as she conficuted the young man.

"Sir, what means this insult?"

He like his land and printed in the direction of the train they had just quit.

"Look and see!" he said, calmly.

Sin dil 1 mk, and all the pride and seem went out of her

face. The cheeks grew white—the eyes lost their angry brilliancy. She put her hand in his for support and sympathy. His fingers closed over hers, but neither spoke while they gazed together upon the sad scene.

The bridge, its massive timbers broken in the entry lay tossing about in the swift current of the river; the mighty engine had half buried its shattered body in the hard gravel on the opposite side; and the cars, in one crashed confised mass, were piled up against the abutment of the bridge.

The unfortunate passengers, such of them as were ! it ally, were making their egress from broken win lows and rent doors—some with faces pale and bloody, others unit jure!

Of the latter class was Mr. Winthrop; who, with at a lay, hastened to the side of Miss Atherton to offer his contractions on her escape. He thanked Mr. Milli ton cally for the service he had done the lady, and drawing her hand within his arm, led her away to the nearest dwelling-house

Middleton bowed haughtily to this coolly expressive and turned his back upon the spaker. What did he care for the scorn of the rich man, so long as the soft had left Winifred had pressed his?—and her eyes lone, wet with tears, into his face! He knew she was not all in:

When Mr. Atherton heard of the conduct of his chrit, he was filled with admiration and gratitude, and thenled the young man in a torrent of enthusiasm wrang ir in the deposit of his parental love.

#### CHAPTER HI.

#### THE MIDNIGHT BRIDAL.

"Mine after life! What is mine after life?
My day is closed. The gloculof night cones onA hapeless darkness settles o'er my late."

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Or cour e, the excursion to Holyoke was broken up; three of the pleasure-scokers were among the deal; and several were severely wounded.

For a time, the shadow of this malancholy accident dampened the spirit of gayety in the circles were the deal unfortunites had moved; but ere long the occurrence was forgotten.

Balls, soin's, and masquerales followed each other in rapid succession. At each bright assembly Winifred Atherton shape pre-eminent. Mr. Winthrop was still her constant cavaller. She would lok splin lidly at the hard of his table, she would do the honors of his house right royally; she had a fine figure for displaying the costly filters in which he should be proud to see his wife clothed: in his heart he fated her to become Mrs. Winthrop, the mistress of Maplewood.

Valentine's Eve arrivel, cell and frosty—and on this evening Mrs. Marchin at was to give a grandfull. Of course Miss Atherton was expected to be present, the belle, per excition.

Winifical stood before the tall mirror, in her dressing-room, that wintry atternoon, and watched the cifet of the crims nevelvet robe, in which the nimble fingers of her mail were arraying her. There were gleaming rubles on her arms and around her threat; precious gems which had just been brought in—her ring on their richly chased charps the simple inscription—

#### "To Winifred, from her father."

The eyes of the billion boary fell on the ray glitter of

the jewels; she bowel down her hard, and his I the Francist which clasped her snowy wrist-hramming sanly-

"Dear papa! how kind and tend r he is! H w Coll I

live without his love?"

The mail finished the exquisite cir; the last cont was arranged, the last foll of lace in its place; and William, with a book in her hand, sat down to await the coming of her father. Time presed swiftly; the charge is the chiraney struck out another hour, and still Mr. Ati. r. n ling rel.

The lady grew impatient. Mrs. Markon at world offended if she were late at the ball. She regulated and

turned to go down-stairs.

"Tell my father, when he comes, that I wait a fill he ar for him to see my dress, and-god howers! what incomes this confusion below?"

She flew down the stairs at a board. The hall was thronged with men, wearing pale and sing our min name. She would have rushed through the crawl to the pair, Whither some shroudd object was baing 1 m. , I as a sir my arm hell her back, and drew her into a sider in. The der was closed, and the man placed his beak and the this part venting her attempted escape.

She lifted her face imploringly to his

"What is it, Gerarl Mill! : n! Has any thing he is

to my father?"

Gerard was very pale, but his view was color and on her He took in his own the hand she had un his in hill en his arm.

"Be composed, Miss Atherton. You have I timber in it to your aid."

"Fortitule! oh yes; I can bear any thing! thing bill in the worst! Super will hill me! is my mill r i al!"

"No; thank God, he is not dead!"

"But he is dving! I ral h in part had the interp way, this moment, sir! I will to boll m! My pin is at his side !"

"The surgeon is Chambia Lie by him. The house

"Wait! I can not wait! Wait! and my him -the only one I have a right to love-- hing! Again I all you, till mo "Sit down then; your fearful looks make me tremble for your reason. Your father was passing along Water-street an hour ago,—they are taking down some old buildings there,—and a falling timb r struck him on the forehead. He was raised up senseless, and by the physician's orders we have brought him home."

"Do they say he will die senseless? Will he were be able to speak again?"

"Miss Atherton, your very calmness territies me. Have you no tears to shell no greans to utter?"

"Tears! will they bring my father back to health? Tears are a meckery. Tell me if he will speak to me again—before the eternal silence comes?"

"In all probability, yes. When his shocked system shall recover from this stupor."

"You would tell me that pain will restore him?"

"Perhaps so."

"Well, then, so be it. Mr. Middlet n, look at me. Am I not emposed and serenc? Do you see any manife tation of emotion and spasm of suffering?"

" I see a stone statue!"

"Very gard. Statues do not feel. Therefore take me to my father."

Held the way, she fillowed; and the two parel on to the couch of the wounded man. Mr. Atherton by upon a lat which had been had thy arranged in the center of the roun; his cys were closed, and his from bound with a white cloth.

Wining to proched and touched his check with her hand. The mation revived him; he op a d his eyes and speke-

"Winifred, my daughter, is it you?"

" It is I, 1 .ti..r."

"Yen are calm; thank heaven for that! yen are calm, and yet yen are very pale, Winified?"

"Yes, I am composed—primps a little pole, but that is a little. My heart beats steelily—my limbs do not trendle?"

"No. And for this I rejice. I had for a otherwise.

My child, year father is dying; you will som be a do had

it han—almo, and without him hel."

A larpspansk klir man.-themall silling of her

face was troubled, but she recovered herself almost immediately.

"I am going to leave you, Winifred; and left re I zo, you must be provided with a leval protector. You are to young and beautiful to be left without a guardian."

"Well, father."

"My daughter, I am about to require of you an act of instant obedience to a wish I have never by the express in your hearing. Within this room, by fore the lage of another hour, you must become the wife of Militar I Whathrap!"

Winifred staggered back like one stricken by a ride il; her face would be no whiter when the graves is present

down upon it.

"God forbid!" she cj.culated, in herrill a service.

"It is as I had expected. You are shock I at such unseemly haste. You think, perhaps, that Mr. Whithrep will share in that feeling. Let me assure you that you are histoken. Months ago, he asked of me my durchter's hand, and I told him he must wait until you had those to lave him. In this man I have full confidence; I would trust him with my life—I am not afraid to confide to him my durest trusting my Winifed. Knowing that you are his wife, I can have my Winifed. Knowing that you are his wife, I can have senseless chimera of a fevered brain; it is the finally or and I resolve of one, who, as a dying man, discreased this country where we shall see no more through a glass during."

The sufferer panel to regain strengle: Wining line in reself up resolutely.

"Ask any thing but that, my father! Replie my Mi. and it shall be given up to you! But this this this that I am he is in."

"You meet do it, Winishel Athert a! there is no make a single doubt on that point. I, your sate a common that point of the By your flars of my dying care, due to the leaf

"I must dare it, father! I would die the promise it.

informal recions, rather than posjure my lifet the rie re-

Mr. Atherton fill back; a terrible charts part like face. A deally pallor satisfied on his lips—like eyes grown that and glassy. Whilifels prant forward and rised his limit to be besom.

"Speak to me once more, father! Bless me—your little Winifred—before you go!"

He turned his face away from her, and mouned out, feebly—"Little did I think my own girl would indict this grief on her old father! Little did I think that my death-hour would be embittered by that child's disoberhence! The few brief moments I have to live must be cut short; my death hastened by the wilfelness of my only daughter!"

His works cut her to the heart. She fell on her knees by

the bedside, and cried brokenly-

"Do with me as you will! I can not listen to such reproaches as these, and live!"

Mr. Atherton's face brightened; with one feeble arm he drew her head down on his bosom, and kissed her key lips.

"Gil in heaven bless my daughter! She will make her father's death-bed a couch of ease!"

Mr. Winthrop came forward from the window where he hall been standing, and to k the cold, passive hand of the girl in his. At a sign from Mr. Atherton, a gray-haired, mildfall old man advanced, and stood up before the waiting trio.

Gertel Milition, pale, and unaccountably agitated, rose to

leave the apartment.

A lock from Winified stopped Lim. She went over to his side, and said—

"Stay with me, Grard. Stay and so me changed to stene. So merry and glad a welling should not lack a groomsman."

And Gerard classed back to the bedside.

It was a salan is domn corem by. The brile in her robes of citaen; her far whiter than the live on her boom; her lips of land passible states; her eyes brilliant and had as I like I so h. The latters in, self-sutuling, hence her, white in her problems, the dying man properlup on his pillows to look at the strange sacrifice.

The worls who still; the responses attend in the clear who of the girl, and the other, as are I then of the man; the List the hands of the brow of his wife— with the forest H. sing of the expiring man was premanced in a second of the expiring man was premanced in a second of the expiring man was premanced in a second of the expiring man was premanced in a second of the expiring man was premanced in the expiring man was premanced in the second of the expiring man was premanced in the expiring man was prema

in a partie, up a the nawly well-I pair.

The great clock on the hall stales peaked fruit two brestrokes; the wintry whals rose to a ficrue blast in the treured clm-trees; and through the lonely aisles and orilles of the hall the wind-voices sighed and mannel like tankless spirits.

And out into the night and darker. — out up a the unknown sea, whose waves wash the shares of et raity, went the soul of Robert Atherton, to meet its Judge; while stark and motionless lay the earthly part, shrowled for the couldness.

During the three days proceding the fineral, while the remains of Mr. Atherton lay in state, Windred Whater p wandered about the darkened rolms, pulp and stern as a Nemerical Not a feature of her frozen face school; not a tear dimmed the brilliancy of her glittering eye.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, was the lady of her father committed. In a carrier covered with black planes, and drawn by sable horses, she followed it to Mant Ariann; she went down to the very door of the tank, and saw the called laid by that of her mother; she turned away as their narranswung inward, and shut that blow different in the male resight—not a trace of constituted a distant date in a file in a billion of her countenance.

Why should she werp and weary heaven with vain prayers? Was not her miserable fated and it

#### CHAPTER-IV.

THE SEVERING.

Drip! drip, oh, rain!

From the sky beel andel caves!

Wail! wail, oh wind,

That sweepest the wither'd leaves!

Side! slade, oh, heart—

Heat vainly seekest rest!

Mon! moun, ch, heart,

By grict and care oppress'd!

HATTIDE WERES.

One night more of liberty—and then Winifeed was to go forth from its black I shelter, to dwell in the stately mansion of her husbanh. Meplewood was a sea-side residence, a few miles above the ancient fown of Plymouth, and so for away to m Boston that Mr. Winthrop would not be at home more than twice a week, and for this Wining I filt great ful. The slavery, she thou his would be more toler the while the nactor was absent.

This last milks in the halls of her child, al, she had demand its little; her mail was forbill not intrule; and she askeled Mr. Winthrep, as a special flowr, immunity from his society.

The hi lat was ble r cell; the snow fell flor by from an starty sky, and the i y north wind whird I over the earth is the him ton un crani of de truction. For a couple of it may windle by a dithechanter result by; at let skep result it, the windlew, and throwing open the community and out in the durker. The first of the storm fill the r with a will diff it. It was like the connection in her own and. She there was shown in her head, and stopping into the corridor, it is a limitally to satisfy here if that the him he had was larger her head, and stopping into the corridor, it is a limitally to satisfy here if that the him he had was

Then she gilled down the best statears, and have the pro-t

bolts of the outer door softly, and emerged into the ell and gloom. The piercing wind made her shirer, but the first and freedom of its breath gave her a made structh, and show went on down the lown, her like of the dial's ware like by whiteness obstructed the pathway.

On and on, her hand press delar hardest her heat, she flew; she had reached the pine cope well at the force the meadow, and was looing hers lifting its depths of her when an outstretched human arm stayed her process. A view,

strangely familiar, said:

"Winifred! Winifred! where are per their ?"

"Let me go! Let me go, General Millian! I an in no

mood for company !"

"You shall not go until I tell you of the libear he is end the heart-broken! of the terrible army which and the relative yourself is en luring! Oh, why, why had I not he is rule peer, or you a pauper?"

"It was not so decreed. And where the administration is

It could not have changed my it: "

"Winited, our stations in lith are different; a wide of the society separates us; but believe God we are equal. As a friend, as an equal, I ask you do you be this material to have wedded?"

"Love him? It is described the him to

speak it in connection with his name."

"Winified—I can not call you by you a side — it is more. Dem me what you will, I must refer my heart of this crushing burden of dealt. Laking him not, in you have another?"

His face was close to hers; the dark introduction is searched her counten a.c. She did not point in the large through its treble value of closely and the purpose of the trendition pile.

"For this montent, Wisdin I, I am hope Indiana.

"In being to love !! the oping the large of the color of the only one wind by a love to be a to appropriate the order to be a love of the order to b

"None to love yea! Would to Heaven, Winife I, that I could be are out my heart, and thing it at your feet, that, seeing all its an on-led throbbing, you might be convinced!"

She comprehented him—he knew then how well and carnedy she had been loved; for a moment the earth swam before her, then all her wer and despair surged forth in two simple words:

"Too late !"

His arms opened to enfold her—they held her modly to his limit; his lips rained down passionate his es upon her face.

"It : it have been! O Ged!"

She tere here if away and stood creet-pale and cell as a chiseled statue.

"Grand Millitton, I am a wife. My time of weakn is is I st; I am strong in the determination to do my duty! This love which might have created for us an earthly Parallist, hind forth, make us strangers! To-night I bid you farewell forever!"

Stable at her hand. He howel his forehead up noit and said:

"The decree is just! Farewell!"

The next moment Gerard Middleton stell alone; and three in his lasty way up the avenue to Atherton Hall.

In the cray of the member there was a kneet at the der of the thry of the which served Ruth Moultry I the for a hip and discilled the Ruth was mistress of her trade now the line is a first of the Mina hundre way.

The administres of the place unclosed the deer, and administrate in the least of McCleton. She cave him a lowing sist is expected in the two were very duar to each other—and at a close for him by the cherical latter fire. She netical his pair two and alternated air, but she was a true and minimal friend to him—ther they are for the research with paper than the research and a paper.

He gard into the fire; she swell dillently; I the sline, yet had a sure the chints of heavy which the frugal room contained.

"Ruth," Le said, impatiently, "put down that work, and come and sit here by my side. I having confision to make."

She blushed, and her small hands trembled as she had as the the garment on which she had been engaged. He draw her down on the lounge and retained the hand he had taken. She did not shrink from the touch; she rested hers if in the perfect and child-like confidence she felt in him.

"You will call me presumptuous; you will say my punish-

ment is just; but oh, Ruth, I am very mis rall F

The calm, blue eyes of the girl were lived to his ern st sympathy. She stroked back the bright hair from his temples with her soft fingers, saying simply:

"I am sorry, Gerard."

"Yes; I know you are, my child, and so I have come to you to pour out my distress. I am but a boy-nimite a pours have but just passed over me, and yet I have all the strength and passion of manhood! I have awakened to the joy and sorrow of life—have known the hency and gold of exist me. I have loved!"

She started, blushed; and then turned white as I) - ... r

"I have love I one as far above me as the stars are always the earth! A proud, leantiful, but tender-harted sin!! And for all her wealth and pride and bounty, she have har in meturn!"

Ruth's disengazed hand shall her i.e.; ile lile that up as she said:

"Well?"

"She loved me, but by the command of her father—ler dying father—she welded a man whem she had a My fate is black, but it is morning by he company had not her to be welled to clinate the head of it. Rath; compelled to clinate the head she feels only aversion and hatred?"

"And you loved her, Gerard-you had her hip the strongly as you will never love a disk. You will he practically her, and her only, as how as time with you half a disk.

He marvel dat the singler billion partition bloods in he was bredat the blick which much hardle but he is resemble to he is a built of a majoritation is a will be in it not.

"Yes, Ruth, I loved her thus! No other woman will ever enter into her place in my heart; no other footstep will wake the eth es of that scaled chamber where her love is buried. Henc forth, I ignore the existence of Love; I live only for Fame and Fortune!"

His voice took a hard, stern tone as he proceeded, and his feel looked cold and gray as hammered granite. Ruth, pale sil nt, hand against the wainscot. He went up to her, alarmed by her still rigidity.

"What alls you, dear Ruth? Why do you stand there so

like a frozen thing?"

"I am coll;" she drew near the fire. "It is a bitter morning?"

"Yes, truly; and your arms are bare. Let me wrap this shawl around you."

"Thank you; and now go on. I am listening."

"I leave little more to add, except that I am going away—where I scarcely know; but I must flee from the place which Lister. I will not remain to tempt her and expose my own we denote. And now, Ruth, if, in after years, you shall her men speak of Gerard Mid-Reton as a cold, loyeless being, you will remember that he once had a heart, but that a cruel fact took away its vitality and left it lead."

"Yes, I will remember."

"That is well. I must go now, Ruth, and God bless you. It may be a long time until I see you again. God, in heaven, bless and prosper you?"

He held her for a moment in his brotherly arms, his of her it with all edien, and went from the house.

And Rule, storg ring back to a seat, cried out in slarp

"Yes; he said it would be a long time ore we mot again! to led it will! the length and darkness of the grave less between then and now!"

#### CHAPTER V.

THE WAGES OF DESPAIR.

The bleak wind of March

Made her tremble and shiver;

But not the dark arch,

Or the black flowing river;

Mad from his 's history,

Glad to death's mystery

Swift to be hurled—:

Anywhere, anywhere,

Out of the world."

Hoop.

Growing up to youth to ther, it was not street that Gerard Middleton and Roth Mowlength Will be tond fly our deared to each other. Both were orphone, but not not a sold in a both were struggling through the world to obtain a sold in a by manual labor. It was but notural, then, that their materials ment should be strong, and their regards reach other hap and steadfast.

With Gerard this affection was that of a tender in the rie of a dear sister; with Ruth, it was the all dearlies in a life. She never thought of happines where Grant was retained of a heaven from where the way of the life.

Purely and entirely she lovel him; kr h she may have given, any day, to have savel him a place; ill hard and joys were centered ar and him. She har plus day think of the consequences of this arbut has a plus day. The last him think of the consequences of this arbut has a plus day. The last hard him had he had

Yet in her true and byall. ...., She pill I mail in the shrine of this earthly idol.

Fearfally had she been panish ?! The line is not led vanished. The ski s, lately so radiant, was a rapid to discount before her a berne well is applicated there was no joy; no heavy to drag out a local as exhibited here is a result of the result.

that? Why should her hair be blanch I white by the weight of years, and her eyes grow dim with a re before the sleep of the grave—its sweet, dreamles sleep came upon her.

She had not the courage to look the grim future in the face! The flith was small; her truet in Golfs gracious Providence weak. She said to hers if she would go down to death, and thus rid her heart of its burden. There was rest in duct.

The would be none to mourn for her; Gerard, perhaps, night shed a few tears, but they would dry soon, and her teams would pastrom his remembrance. One little plunge has the last the last of the sparkling river—a little chillres as the grant change crept on—a won lering of strangers over the drown laid—and all would be over!

The ni lit s t in dark with storm clouds. There was a duil, story brown blowing; the timpest of yesterby had split its fury, but the sitiets of its garments yet trail I over the earth.

Rath put her little room in order, trimmed the lamp, and held he fire in the chimney-place. You would have thought, from her serged as exactnes, that a five red and welcome visiter was expected. When every thing was arranged, she fill the chimicover her shoulders, and backing the deer of the city to him ther, in to heth path through the mow, to the river.

It is to the hollow account of the waters as they harried past.

A mentary translillars is 1 her:—a cold hand in 1 classic the warm to include of her the whole chaptered the continuous for the rave we not of her then the world—the desolate, heartless world!

Ceive me!"

The fitted of the problem the liver short up and make her will refer to the fitted and the liver short up and make her will refer to the fitted at tall. A strong head held her bedge a grave, solemn voice said:

"Child! what would you do?"

"I would die!" she said, simply.

"Die! has Gol, then, callelyou? Do you dere to go unsummone! into the presence of the Rabr of haven and earth—the Lord of Hosts, who has firlill n man to the which He has given?"

"I am weary and heart side, and sir; and the trade of s

a dreamless sleep."

"But the hereafter! Have you then hit of that? the trailible hereafter! You are young and fair; you fire is iller the face of a child, why should you be wear of that the which you have just begun; and which struck in him him to the thousand storms, cling to tencelously?"

"I am wretched and alone. Not a the of his ir it a soul on whom I have the slighted claim for exercise.

tion! I have none to cound me; near to a lying!

"If you will permit me to starl to year in a picture as brother, I will be all that a brother should!" If the year man gently—"but for commit it in this total, the second part of the property are evidently passing, you must be harpened by a possing can give peace to the troubled heart."

"I can not look up! I have not not; no significant

"Strength will come in ansure to proper, and not death, but like is the same for a like at a point. Will you come back to it?"

His friendly hand drow her away it in the intrins of the river; the strange personalism and his violation in the tion of feeling to her a respirit. She saw with a constitution of the frightful down from which he had not been a

"I will go back!" she cid, can the I had a find

no cvil! Only how me the way to beint the me

It somed that he know her railing, a relation up the path to the cottars which shall pit he is a super late. The lamp still burn the health ye had been a fally on the hearth. He shall he had been a fally from the hearth with the railing from the fall with the railing from the same of the hearth. During the species of the hearth. During the species of the hearth. During the species of the hearth with the fall to the fall to the rail of the two sometimes by trends to the rail of the fall to the

This feet was pole, its return the ly, the establishment; the curve of the nestal indicate it is the flame.

Who had lived and suffered.

"You are Rith Mowbray! I recognized you at once, from htwise son you sentimes at church. And I am John Ruberted, the pater of Win Bull."

She harw, now, to when she owel her life—the young Copyman, where there is at the feature, he haven so many weary cast to ret their bankens at the feature the Cross.

ness of her heart she spoke:

"Sir, you have say I my soul from death. For this I thank you. Derive the day and night which are gone I have been made "to I that the tropy is over. Sometime, to show you that the trothethe sof my matterly, and to prove to you that I had some constant of the J. I will end sto you what has happened in I may be a little in I was about to contait a rain t Him."

"Rich, my siter, I ask of you no confidence which it is not your place to give, but when you are sold not and optional congress to me freely, that I may share the weight of the burden."

Halohelint her ope with calm soming—his hard was

"Yer will be true to your li-per will think of that t mibless if begre is non-more life an true type."

Henri lup a her hip fally, epend the der and prest

Itath fill on her has a and while thereing God that she had be a taken it in temptation, she proper cornectly for that prove which pass the all notice tending.

#### CHAPTER VI.

#### MAPLEWOOD.

"The old, old sea; as one in tars, Comes murmuring with its famy lips." Reading

Winifilips life at Maph wood was like that of many another proud, beautiful woman welled to a man for whom no love is entertained. A fate the hardest and littered that can fall to the lot of woman! A home without love—a uning but in name—a wretched faree to which death alone can draw down the curtain!

In all things, Winifred studied to obey her has and: his slightest wishes were her haws. She had said to her dif that in expiration of her weakness in yielding to an unsaged law, she would be to Mr. Winthrop a true, faithful, and chall his wife. She felt for him no affection, there's to she was eld and calm toward him, and his demonstrate har part it of the same haughty indifference.

Two years of this existence—it could sure by the distribute —and, outwardly, Windfred was undered, and factored and grown name perform the Having all admired, and flattered as she was, not an hour of happines but she known since the doors of Atherton Hall had all blaint her, when she had gone forth a bride.

Winified Winthrop's twentieth hirth by approvided; it arrived, at length. The air was the result with springle states est blossoms, but there was no facting nor joyat Maphon I. A night of will doubt and anxiety, at the of the open on; but with the morning light came a bapty on a sould as

Mrs. Winthrop was the mether of a flact by !

The nather's delight was unpolicit. For the this time in his life a thrill warm, rathen a hadrad a couplately like being for his wife, because she had brought him this way blessing.

A son to bear his proud name, to inherit his vast fortune, to keep up the honor of his family!

May lewood was thrown open to rejicing. Laughter echoed around the lofty halls, lamps thashed, wine flowed, and in her darkened chamber languided the young wife; struggling with weakness—praying for life only that she might enjoy it with her precious child.

Who can fathom the depth of tenderness in the heart of a mather? Who can fiel for that little help! so waif of humanity like her who has suffered to bring it into existence? Whose care is like hers, so gentle and tender? Who else on earth loves a little child but its mother?

It was strange to see how Winitre I's proud heart softened and grew tender as an angel's toward that wee child. When she was able to rise from her led, she would sit, for hours, gazing into its soft dark eyes, and twisting its silken hair about her fingers. The servants said that their mistress i lolized the late; and so it somed, for never upon any account would she permit it to sleep away from her breast, and no amusement was powerful enough in its attraction to draw her from the care of her son.

Mr. Winther p named the boy William, after its paternal and littler, but Winifeel shortened it to Willie—the word had a sweeter sound, she said.

Strongly as she was attached to Wille, her love met with a fall return. Before he was three menths of i, he had be arrectly a love her sheltering arms above any other resting-place. He wailed pit ously when taken away from her but for a moment; and when a year held possed over his bright head, and he had because to tailly about from one thing to another, he would never quit the protecting chasp of her land, or go to the arms of strangers. He seemed to shrink from his father, and would his no one save his mether, either for threats or persuasions.

#### CHAPTER VII.

THE WORLD'S HONORS AND A SEASON'S MYSTERIES.

"From lofty hills and fertile vales,
From hut and palace halls,
From hamlet, town, and city's din,
The country's clarion calls!
And men go forth with swelling hearts,
To win an empty name—
They quaff their wine from golden cups,
And call the bubble, Fame."

ANONTHOUS:

"O'er all these hung the shall we far ar, A sense of mystery the special we far ar, And said, as plain as whitefor in the car—
'The place is haunt 1?"

II :.

MILIORD WINTHKOP was the successful can like. His name was enrolled among the hon rall's of his country; there was a seat in the senate hall, at Washington, waiting it is like occupancy.

He was very proud of the result, won by his non your return by his worth, and he entered his wie's rom with an elastic step. He was the bearer of important tilings, and he gave her them with an air of extreme satisfaction.

"Mrs. Winthrop, you are a senat i's wife."

She bowed her head over her child, and simply said in reply:

"Very well, Mr. Winthrop."

Three months spent in preparation, and then then velyelected senator and his wife sit out for Washington. While-I
had hoped to be left at home, but Mr. Winther, was proble
of her regal beauty, and this pride ould only be produced by
the display of his treasure.

So to the gay capital went Mrs. Winther paraller chill.

An elegant mansion, on Malieus Spare, resident in the whose spacious drawing-rooms Mra Winthrep held in primary unequaled in brilliancy even by these of the President Physical Physica

Thus parsed the first winter and the succeeding summer.

The August heats were approaching, but Congress had not yet concluded its session. An unusual press of business still detained the august body at the metropolis; but most of the members' families had left town for some rural place of resort.

Winified began to languish for the cool air of the country; and Mr. Winthrop proposed that she should spend a few weeks at Newport or the Virginia Springs. To this she objected; she wanted rest and quiet rather than a mere change of excitement: some retired place in the country would answer every purpose.

She had heard much of the fine natural scenery of Ruppahanned county, and she desired to pass the remainder of the summer in some little village of that mountainous region.

At the mention of Rappahannock county, Mr. Winthrop became strangely agitated.

"Malam, you will do me a favor by never again referring to this out-of the-way place as a summer residence. The plan is abominable."

"Why should you object, sir, to a section of country justly celebrated for its salutrious airs and beautiful scenery? Since it mets my wishes, I hardly we what cause you have for intuiting in the matter!" Winified spoke coldly and haughtily—and he replied as coldly.

"I have sufficient cause. My son is to go with you, I prelame; and it becomes me to see that he is carried to a proper place. As for my reasons for taking exception to Rappulannock county, it is sufficient that I object?"

And for the time the subject dropped.

A tew days afterward, Mr. Winthrop obtained leave of als not from congretional duties, and took a journey into the leaf of the Virtinia. When he returned, he declared that his alject us to Rapp homock county were entirely removed. Being a lossel, had call deliminto that section, and he had a multiplicate call be desired for a temporary sejourn. So well had he he had energed an ellimint in a few nalls beyond Warrent needs to the Blue Rules and call to be fitted up for the reception of his wife and child.

"Billem nig"- the place was call I, held been a fine ell

estate, but the family to which it had belonged were mostly dead; and of late, Bellemonte had been sadly neglected.

Mr. Winthrop had secured a trusty negro and his wife to preside over the establishment; and this worthy couple, with Jack, the coachman, and Fanny, the cook, would comprise the kitchen household. Mrs. Winthrop might take with her as many attendants as she chose.

Winifred immediately commenced her preparations for leaving Washington. Two days afterward site set forth, Mr. Winthrop accompanying her as an escort; and R. y, her own maid, to attend to the personal wants of her mistress.

After seeing his wife safely installed at Bellemante, Mr. Winthrop bade her farewell and returned to Washingt n.

Bellemonte was a wildly beautiful spot, in the rear vicinity of the lofty hills known as the Blue Rile. It was thickly wooded with fir-trees of a stunted growth; and half the plantation was covered with huge bowllers, which the spring floods from time to time had rolled down from the manatains.

The old mansion itself was dreary and weird enough francy tale of darkness that might be related of it. It was a house where men had lived and died; and one of our notice poets says that all such are "haunted hones."

The rooms were low and dark from the creeker vines that covered the windows; the wain east were the with age, and rotten and worm-eaten in many places. The chambers were mostly hung with tapestry, one who which had been ful patterns of gorgeous colors, by thir tingers new near their perchance like their work; and the farniture— It of dark out, must have belonged to another generation.

A large portion of the house was uninhalitable; but in the north wing, facing the mountains, three apartments, on the first floor, had been fitted up, not only could railly, but have riously.

The sleeping-room of Winified and her child was a charita, cosy place; its high, narrow windows command had had view of the hills, and Winified only regretted that the had ment was at this point so very high as to produce all line of getting to the ground from the spacious balance. She thought she would have liked to go out for her walks, from

this room, rather than be obliged to traverse the whole length of a gloomy corridor, amid the ruins, to reach the hall door.

Bellemonte was the property of a family by the name of Brandon, the only remaining member of which was far away. And this was all the information that Winifred could obtain by questioning Aunt Phillis, the colored housekeeper, who was remarkably taciturn for one of her class.

One apartment of the old house, rescued from the general decay by recent repairs, was a very Blue Bear I's chamber of horrors to the funcy of Winifred. It was much like the other rooms in its vicinity, save that across the windows were strong iron bars; and the doors were secured with treble bolts of the matrice. There was no fireplace or other convenience for warmth, and the walls were covered with thick green baize.

"Phillis," said Mrs. Winthrop, socking the old woman in the kitchen, "there is a room in close vicinity to mine that has aroused my curiosity."

"Deed, missus, dat's mighty cur'us," replied Phillis, giving the exceptor she was securing a vigorous rub with her black hand.

"Can you tell me what it was used for? The room with the losts on the outside of the door, and the walls covered with green flannel, I mean."

"Like enough it was de parlor."

"But the bars across the windows? and the lack of a fireplane, and the green cloth?" continued Winifred interrestablely.

"Burs to keep the owls out, and green good for hal eyes, I've hearn say. So ms to me, mis us is mighty 'squisitive!"

And with this reasonable solution of the green-re manystry, Winitrel was obliged to content heredd

The days pared piece antly enough at Bellemonte, sive that the mistress had too much time for thought. She was also encounted; free to enjoy unlist ubod the society of her dars ling child, now a boastical boy of two years; but in spite of this kwo toshi faction, she found her thoughts contactly recent to the plannt evolutions sport in the part of Atherston Hall with Gerard Mid Reton.

And, try as she would, then eld man riss could not be sidel; as laden the anguish which they could be more to.

great to bear, she would take little Willie in her arms and set out on a long ramble over the hills.

One August night, Mrs. Winthrop sat in her chamber trying to read; Willie slumbered in his crib by her side; Resy was in bed in the adjoining room, and every thing around the house was hushed to the profoundest quiet.

It had been one of those sultry days peculiar to ripe summer, and the dull, torpid atmosphere was prolific of repose. Her book was uninteresting; the lamp burned dimly; a houseful droned lazily on the window; and Winifred, acted up no by surrounding influences, sank back in her chair and fell asleep.

She was awakened suddenly by some strange sund. The lamp had gone out, but the starlight streamed faintly into the room. Plainly discernible in the gloom of the place was a tall, gaunt figure, standing erect between this starlight and the window, from which the curtain was looped back. A human figure, with eyes like live coals, and long hair, white as snow, streaming around it like a shroud! This herrible shape advanced and leaned over the bed of little Willie; one skinny hand was extended, bearing aloft a glittering knife; the other held back the delicately-embroidered silk of the coverlater in the form of the innocent sleeper!

Winifred, with a fierce cry, leaped to her feet and only nied the strange visitant.

A wild, demoniac "Ha! ha! ha! ha!" burst from the creatur's lips, and simultaneously it melted away, as by some invisition agency, leaving the terror-tricken mother alone with he child.

Recovering herself by a powerful effort, Winifeel sorted the room with the strictest scrutiny. She let no not her corner unexamined—yet she discovered nothing. She let to the doors and windows—they were socurely forced, and yet a guest had been admitted to her very belocked.

It was not a dream; she was fully emviror included in was something real and tangible, but of what not it? So did not believe in supernatural apparament; in these not superstitious; and yet a cold, shull ring thank that the here as she held the bake to her break.

She watched the night away, i r she could be have shipt

with that strange, inexplicable fear at her heart. She resolved to say nothing to any one of the occurrence; Rosy was exceedingly timid, and the negroes invariably kept one eye, at least, out for ghosts, and they would be afraid to remain in the house if they once got wind of the idea that the place was homel; and she had no wish to be left alone. So she kept silent and watchful.

August was drawing to a close. The middle of September Mrs. Winthrop was to leave Bellemonte, and return to Maplewood, where she would remain until the winter session of Congress should usher in the gay season at Washington.

It was a bright summer day, and the unusual coolness of the air had invited to out-of-door exercise. Winifred had indulged he self in a very long walk, and being quite weary, she went to her ted earlier than was her custom. Willie had cooked mamma to lie down beside him and tell him a story; and the simple tale finished, the two, mother and child, were locked in slumber.

Willie's herd was nestled close to his mother's besom, her bright, selt cards mingling with the brown rings that clustered around his full white forehead.

Winified slept unersily—a vague sense of insecurity had opened to her all the day, and her slumber was troubled with wild dreams and distorted visions.

The teach of some cold substance upon her face awoke her. She knew not what this substance was, but it struck an i y child to her heat. She lifted her hand to push it away, and that will ungathly "Ha! ha! ha! ha!" heard once before, burst on the air.

With a terrifical cry Winifred sprang from the couch and ye red into the gloom. The same demon face, with herrible the level and snow-white hair, hovered above her! The same save to teeth, with the lips drawn tightly away from them, glittered before her!

Winited bounded forward, and solving the heavy bronze on it with lead it at the intruder. The light was extincted to last the missile fill; there was a dult, dead some las of the claim of a great dear at some immesurable distance—that then the sime of death fill upon the chamber.

Willie dept qui dy in his bel, and Windred deed all ale in the center of the floor.

# CHAPTER VII..

### THROUGH THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

"Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name?
The same fair form and gently-beaming eye?
Loveling in heaven's sweet climate; yet the same!"
BRYANT.

It was a horrible mystery! Winifred longed, yet tremble to fathom it. She hoped not to be obliged to ask for aid. She would rather encounter all the danger, if danger there was, and run all the risks.

Night followed night, and during the dark hours that detrinined woman never closed her eyes. What little rest she had was taken by day, when the househeld were astir, and Regrawake to take charge of the child.

Winifice I's father had but one brother, named Garre; and this George Atherton was one of the bravest and most daring men in the country. He had hardly earned the title of colonel, and though now an old man, he had always taken great d light in teaching his niece the use of warlike weapons. To please the old colonel, the cirl had taken had as in facility and was quite an a lept in the use of fire grant. In a specific moment her father had presented her with a case of please and these little desperate weapons had been for years in the false bottom of her trunk.

Now she to k them out, loaded the barrels car fully, and pland them on the stand by her be like, resolved that it she should be again favored with a visit from the myst rims first that had twice appeared to her, to try the off that old had upon it.

But it did not seem likely that her course wend like it.
Time passed on monotonously, without variation, and limit two
nights more remained to Windred at B. H. m. at a

The intervaling day must be spent in packing and making

other needful arrangements for traveling; and wearied and drowsy, Winifred throw herself upon the loungs, without undresing, to eatch a few moments' repose before the depth of the night should come. She know that all her strength would be required for her labors of to-morrow.

She gave Rosy imperative orders to remain awake until she called her; and the girl, scated before the little fire, which the dampness of the night had made agreeable, with an entertaining novel in her hand, readily promised obedience.

Winified soon fell asleep, for she was very weary, and she knew nothing more till she heard the hall-clock striking one.

She started up and put out her arm to clasp her child, but he was not by her side! His place was empty—he was gone! A wild shrick rose to her lips, but she stide! it instantly. Resymust have taken him up, she said to herself, by way of assurance. She flew to the side of the girl—Rosy was sound asleep.

"Willie! where is Willie?" demanded the distracted

mother, in a frenzy of suspense.

Rosy rubbed her eyes, and stered around her with a blank air.

"I have not soon him, muchin," she said, "since I had him down on the hold with you. As I hope for heaven, mistres, I have not!"

Oh! but these who called Mrs. Winthrep cell and parinless should have seen her then.

She round the whole household instantly, and surely I the mansion in mod least. She went her olf into the doep streeces of the mod ly, tomb-like collars, and through the heavily-framed arches which supported the massive weight of the buildings.

First carry were lighted, and the territed negroes, led on by that resolute were m, searched every dell and dingle and rans, kid every leavel in the vicinity. Shayes from the nearest plantaions turn dont and joined them, their quick sympathies awakened by the cry:

"The child of the Lady of B lienents has been steln!"

All day the statch went on; Winited, pale, but thin, but ing the van, and returning at nightfull only to see if her has band had arrived.

Mr. Winthrop had flown to the spot at the first alarm of the telegraph.

A more wildly, despairing man was never seen. His face was shrouded in a deathly pallor, his thin lips were rigid as those of a corpse, and his eyes seemed ready to start from their sockets. A couple of miles behind his horse had fallen dead under him, unable to endure the pace at which he was ridden; and the fresh animal that had been procured at Warrenton, was bathed in foam.

Mr. Winthrop grasped his wife rudely by the arm, and demanded the particulars of his son's loss. Coldly and briefly she revealed all to him—keeping nothing back.

He struck his forchead with his clenched hand.

"Great God!" he cried, madly, "it is as I thought. Oh, fool—fool that I was to consent to have my innocent child brought to the place where she drew breath! I might have known—but, O heaven, how fearfully am I punished!" He turned to the gaping negroes. "Sad He the flectest horse in the stables! and you, Jack, get upon the other, and fellow me over the mountains! I must reach Woodstock before day-break!"

Winifred would have accompanied the horsemen, but Mr. Winthrop thrust both her and her maid into a chander, and locked the door upon them.

Who can imagine the feelings of the wretched mother willle thus incarcerated!

The night were on—a night of anguished sufficient Windfred Winthrop. She paced the narrow limits of her chander unceasingly; throwing open the casement, and leaning for cost into the darkness in the vain hope of hearing some sound indicative of the return of those gone in search of her child. No sound broke the stillness.

Rosy had solbbed her elf to sleep on the floor; they two, were isolated from the other women of the establishment—c affine I and helpless; but Winifred never thought of floor. Sho would have braved ten thousand deaths, if the act could have restored to her her Willie.

At last the day broke open the castern gates; the in taking came, and the sun arose clear and smillion. Whilifed took up her station at a window which commended a view of the path

taken by Mr. Winthrap, and with fixed gaze she watched for the first indications of the return. She thought she perceived a dark, moving object, away on the very verge of the horizon -a mere speck-it grew larger-yes, there were two of them -two hersemen! They wound slowly down the mountainshe reco mized them now; Mr. Winthrop bearing a bundle in his arms, carefully enveloped in a cloak, and the negro Jack

following behind.

They were approaching the house; she could endure conthe ment no longer! Grasping the masy iron poker from the finder, she brought it to bear with all her strength against the door. Again and again the blow fell-the white oak quiver d; the bolts held fast, but the hinges were old and rusty, and could not withstand the strain. They yielded; another trunie blow, they broke; the door flew open with a crash, and Winifred dashed out into the corridor and down the stairs.

She reached the outer door just as the equestrians rode up. Mr. Winthrep strove to avoid her, but she sprang upon him, and, with the strength of a giantes, three the cleaked burden

from his arms.

The man some I to be enraged by the action-all the fierce i dons of his nature leaped hotly into his face.

"Give him to me! Deal as he is, I claim him! He is min - mine only " he crie!, savarely. " Was it not enough, m. lan, that you should in it on bringing him here to certain derition? And now you would again take him from me!"

"Huh! I am /is ... ... And would to Heaven that none of your hindred in his voins, as none of your inhuman

passions ever dwelt in his breast!"

Winding I was stong by her husban I's harshness. All the Lit, prod temper cian Atherien was areas. I. And he, onray dand embitter by the state of an awaken beneficie, and rend red, by grief, but little better than a maniac, for et his manhood, and struck her!

Sho starger 1 h neath the blow. For a moment her white i the tall the singuinary had of the relief. But when she spill, ler vier was calm and fall.

"For this, I renconce all all since to the wretch I have

chi I haband! Hardirth I am a free woman!"

Man turn I of why away, and I re the cell bur! a int.

the house. Her heart had already told her what she might expect. With fearful composure, she uncovered the hely of her child, and gazed upon the dead face. She kiss dit tenderly—stroking the dark hair, and murmuring softly—

"Dear Willie! Dear little Willie!"

She asked Mr. Winthrop no questions concerning the night's adventures; but Jack told her all that he knew, in a few words.

Mr. Winthrop had ridden hard, and crossed the most clavated spur of the mountain a little below Front Royal, and had then pushed on rapidly until the Shenan bah river was reached.

He had intended to cross the stream, but it was swell in by recent rains, and it was difficult to find a ford. In searching for this, the body of little Willie was accidentally discover l. It lay close to the water, in the dark shadow of a clump of alders—the man sail—and it was his master's opinion that it had died from strangulation. There was a dark circle around the delicate throat, and marks of human fingers do p and purple in the soft flesh! Also, around the place where the remains were found, there were prints of human for steps in the wet sand, and some shreds of a woman's clothing a linguistic at thorn-bush in the vicinity. And this was all that was known, and from such scanty information what informer was to be drawn?

Terrible suspicions touching Milford Winthrop, cannot be Winifred's cars from the neighboring people; the dark will which covered his darker past life, was partially uning and, what she saw and understood was enough to make her shrink with abhorrence from her husband; the man what the world admired—the distinguished senator!

Winifred's great and overwhelming grief i'r her child saullowed up all leafer trouble, and for the soven days which followed his death, she walked like one in a tran-

M chanically she prepared herself to leave B limit; mechanically she suffered them to take her to Washington, and from thence to Maplewood.

Like one without life or feeling, she boked up at he print in his coulin, and I saw him hid in the grave, high above the mouning of the sea on the sandy shere. And when the last

were laid smoothly over his grave, and she had put her aching forehead to the cool turk to still its wild throbbings, she arose, and shood up alone, knowing that her duty here was ended!

## CHAPTER IX.

FINDING PEACE.

"Friend, the a must trust in Him who trol befor

The desolate paths of life;

Must be a in meckness, as He meckly bore,

S rrow and toil and strife.

Trust then in Ham, and yield not to despair!

Christ, in His heaven of heavens will hear the prayer!"

From the German of Uhland.

The acquaintance so singularly begun between Ruth Mowl ray and Mr. Rutherford, progressed steadily, until it ripened into perfect confidence.

In the young pistor, Ruth found a kind, and sympathizing filled; a tender brother. He encouraged her when she disposed be been she disposed by account for when she was sad-led her gently on to so k pouce and rest upon the eternal arm of God's salvation! She went to his church-listened to his discourses, so searching, yet so full of love; and understood why his people almost worshiped him. He was poor in this world's goods, but rich in heavenly treatures. Here, he walked humbly with the lowly ones of earth; there, in the realms of glory, no and would wear a brighter crown than he!

One evening, when she had known him for more than a yar, Ruth revealed to this kind friend the little histary of her lift. She told him of her hopeless, un ought love; of her madespair, and temptation—the rest, he already know.

He comforted her as none other could have done; then, to show her that he fully appreciated her confidence, he gave her his own in return.

"I was born," he said, "in the great, bustling city of New Orlans, of parents who tolled for their daily breed. My father was a laster corporate; my mother a bled something to our scan'y income by the needle-work. When I was about the teen, my poor father was fatally injured by the fall of a staging. I remember well my mother's despair when they be write him home, and the surgeon sail that his days were numbered! He died the next day, in great agony. After the fan ral expenses were paid, we found ourselves almost without a panny! My mother redoubled her exertions, and I was fortunate enough to secure a situation as elerk. I had, always by dist of much economy, been kept at school, and my clue at a was uncommonly good for a had of my age. Every himse ment was devoted to study.

"Through the kindness of a schoolnaster, I was early to read many valuable works. Under his auspices I mind an acquaintance with the classics. At leasth, I bears a tracher. The salary was better than that which I redived from my present employers, and the laters more empirical from my present employers, and the laters more empirical from his present upon the charge of the saled. Her, arin, I owed much to my good of this friend. In all child all went to him; and, whatever success crowned my effort. I have attribute to his judicious advice. By domes, I red to her distant-preceptor in a flourithing academy, in the State of North Carolina; and here I first met Cathurine Hezelone.

was a New Earlander, but having family cannot has in the South, she had come hither to finish her charation, and at the came time to benefit her health. I can har My convey to you a correct idea of this girl's execuling beauty. Show we will the love it first shot on my part; and I that it haps it that the fair girl was not wholly indifferent to me. Shot hished at hyperoach—her hand tremble I when it met mine in him by greating. If I had cause (with others of her character to represent her it had be present a badiy learned lessons, her eyes would swim in the results.

the result of the consequence of the result of the result

will be so blind, that the simplest school-girl can deceive the best of them!

"But I would not blume Catharine. She had been petted and thatered till the good in her nature was almost cradicatel, and she was a most arrant coquette. She led me on to hep-my ardent devotion was very pleasant to her; and when, at length, I confessed all, and besought her to read my fate, she did not cast me utterly away. But I must wait, she said. She liked me-perhaps she loved me a little, but we were both young, and I was comparatively uneducated. She L. 1 - t her heart, she said, on marrying a learned man, and I must oblige her by becoming this. A college course would im; rove me; when I had graduated with henor, she would give me a more definite answer. Inspired by hope, I taxed lody and mind to the utmost. When twenty years of age, I entered the University at Chapel Hill, in advance. My dear in ther sacrified many a sorely-needed comfort that my darling wish might be accomplished; and, as for myself, my life was barred up in the acquirement of knowledge. I wrote to Catharine many times-letters filled with fire and devetionand twice she wrote me in return. These letters were kept n xt my heart, and read and re-read scores of times a day. You will think me an enthusiast, dar Ruth, but I was little in in them a boy then, and worshiped my mistress with a boy's passionate fervor.

"I spent two years at Chap I Hill; and then, with the lange of that fine old institution fresh and green on my brow, I halv forwell to my mather, and set out for Middleburg, Catherine's home—to by them at her feet. I did not reach Middleburg until after the shells of evening had fallen; but, weary as I was, I could not wait until merning to see Catherine. I sought out her father's house, a large and han become fall ling, in a quiet, aristocratic street. The man ion was light bup as if it a fatival. Colored Lamps swamp from the shrullopy in the gardens; and a scare of elegant equipmes were drawn up to fire the door. The great parkers were one if all of reliance; and I entered together with a freeh rein-

forcement of guests.

"And judge, if you can, of the conditions that filled my such when standing hillen behind the silken window curtains, I

saw Catharine Hazelwood married to a man twice her years—a man rich in lands and steeks—who had won her with his gilded offerings!

"I cought an interview with the bride, and charged her with her falsity in no measured terms. She haghed in my face. She hoped, she said, that I was not so shallow as to think any thing of that youthful flirtation. It had amus dher finely in that dull old school-day life—she should have died of each if it had not been for me, and she most heartily thanked me for the favor I had done her in helping her kill time. Now, she trusted I would ignore the past, and regard her simply as a very good friend.

"I went out from her pres nee a change I man. I had son my infatuation; my glaring ideal stood before may rebit of the love which had clothed her in the perfection of wemantines! I no longer thrilled at the sound of her name. My passion had died a violent death, and I buried it, and place I upon its sepalchre the stone of indifference. Henceforth, I resolved to live for others rather than for myself. It is the armor of the most high God upon me, and His gos; clinto my mouth! In this service I found happiness—happiness such as the world is powerless to give—or take away! Peace, founded on the Rock of Everlasting Love!

"I brought my mother here to your pleasant New England, and here we have set up our humble home; and here I have to spend the remainder of my days in content. I ask no higher destiny than that which awaits me as a minister of Gol's truth, and may He aid me to so exercise my one talent that good may be done unto my people!"

And this was John Rutherford's life history, and Rath wept over his disappointment, and smiled over his victory.

After this mutual confidence, a strong attachment grew between Ruth Mowbray, and the young minister.

### CHAPTER X.

### THE MILLINER'S FORTUNE.

"In life can love be bought with gold?"
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?"

DR. JOHNSON

RUTH Mowerax went often to the parsonage, and sat at the fort of the mild-browed woman whom John Rutherford call of mother, and listened to the teaching that fell from her lips. Mrs. Rutherford was a gentle spirit, trusting all her-lips and wishes unreservedly in God's hands, complaining never of fate, and enduring trials and eroses with saintly 1 dience. Would that there were more like her, that their hely example might lead many, now in doubt, to the true source of all happines and everlisting safety!

And crainally the hourt of Ruth Mowbray took up a new son. At first its notes were low and feeble, but gathering structh with the nurturing lumb of time, it will ned and limit its mighty surges swipt the mast r-chords of

her being into perfect harmony.

At the sound of cost footstep she blushed and trembled; at the teach of cost hand she was filled with strange bliss; cot was filled power to banish all care and sorrow from her soul!

Typhus fiver, of the most virulent kind, broke out in Win l-fall. Almost every how a was a hower of sickness, and perhose of death. Whole families were swept away, and terror seized upon the whole population.

In this time of univer al sorrow, Ruth Mowbray was a good and he she ministered uncersingly at the belsi be of the sick and dying, and many a decolate, suffering one was made company by her kind care. No hand was softer than hers on the her belsi by on the distracted ear.

Mr. Ratherlard, also, visited the sick untiringly, and alministral to their newssitis with his own hands; he can intel the living, and proyed for the representation.

As the cooler weather of autumn approached, the fever cases diminished, and the fearful mortality was abuted. But there were still scores of the afflicted, and Ruth Mowbray's services as "watcher" were almost nightly called into requisition.

For two nights she had kept a vigil by the belof an age! woman, and at daybreak closed her eyes in death, and now, on the third night, she was looking forward to the luxury of undisturbed repose. She retired carly to her chamber, and without undressing by down on the bel. But slop, so much wished for, refused to come. In vain she deverel her eyes with her hand, in vain she counted the ticking of the clock, and fincied herself on the verge of dream-land-sle was wide awake as ever. She thought that perhaps the light of the stars shining through her window at the feet of her led trouble l her, and rising she let down the curtain. But no, sleep still held aloof. The clock struck one, and alm t simultaneously with the sound, a dull red place share into the chamber. It was not the moon, for that had set leaf a for lehind the western hills. Brighter and relder gleaned the light. Rath sprang up and threw open the window. The willie vicinity was glowing like noonday, and the sky glowel miles blood.

The light was that of a burning building and, he maker station at the window, Ruth had no difficulty in discountry that the parsonage was on fire.

She flow down the stairs, and hurried that his the fills that his between her cotture and the clear his his first thought perhaps she could aid in saving some of the function from destruction. To her surprise, she found had the read crowd gathered to witness the conflictation, for every conwho was not languishing on a belief sickness, was the might probably the entire neighborhood was wrapped in sleptonight probably the entire neighborhood was wrapped in sleptonic.

The fire had not yet taken hold of the main hallian had was confined to a back wing used as a stored on the latelet. Buth tried the front doer, but it was formed on the inside, and then she was sure that the innartes had not end of the

With a shudder she remembered that Mr. Ratherier being not slept for four nights, and conquently, in the depth of the

wearings, the roar of the flames had failed to awaken him. And Mrs. Rutherford and the servant-girl, where were they? Unduly to the burning house, and unless specially aroused, doomed to a fearful and inevitable death.

The flunes had made rapid headway, and were now scizing on the roof of the principal building. A few moments more, and it would be too late! Some of the neighbors had now arrived, and engerly the cry for Mr. Rutherford and his family run around the circle. For reply, Ruth pointed to the house.

A murmur of dismay broke on the air, for all saw the

the entrance of that blazing building.

"Not escaped! Good God! then they must perish!" cried a white-heired old man. "No human being could live long in such a smoke as that!" he pointed to the roof from whence a volley of smoke was issuing.

"I must go for them," said Ruth. "I can not stand by

and see them perish!"

As re of arms were raised to stay her course, but she spring clear of them all, and deshing open the low window India into the little sitting-room, she stepped inside. The spring into the little sitting-room, she stepped inside. The spring stends of smoke, and the crackling of the flames in the next room would have dismayed any heart not nerved with special course. Up the broad stairs flow the daring girl, and along the corridor to the chamber door of Mrs. Rutherford. The potal was thrown open from within, and the old July, polythetechn, met her on the threshold.

"Your an? where is he?" Ruth asked the questi a quickly,

impatient of a second's delay.

Lyner! I was going to call him;" she indicated a distant dark where the flanes were sweeping down hotly from the allege, and the red cinders fell in a thick cloud.

Righ born led along the parage, and thang open the door

the ner burned her feet, but she did not be itate.

Mr. Retherford lay on the bel, wrapped in a dressing-rown and single quietly as an inflat, all unmindful of the perimental which surrounded him.

Parti grospel his shoulder, and she k him violently.

"Wake up! Wake up!" she cried. "Follow me! the house is on fire!"

He sprang to his feet, and gazed around him with blank amazement.

"You here, dear Ruth! Leave me instantly! I will come -but stay, where is my mother and Katharine?"

"Your mother is in safety by this time, but Katharine-I

had forgotten her."

"Go, then, this moment! I will arouse the girl. Go,

dear one, and God keep you!"

They left the room together, and together they met the fiery billow of flame that surged down to meet them. Grasping Ruth's hand firmly in his own, the young minister hurried on to the chamber where the servant-girl slept. He pushed open the door-Katharine lay in a swoon in the center of the floor—the fright had been too much for her. Rutherford raised her up.

"Go before me down the stairs, Ruth," he sail; "I natt

save this poor creature, at all hazards."

The trembling girl obeyed him, and they made the descent in safety. But not a moment too soon! With a load crash, the stairway fell in, and the burning rafters of the roof covered their retreat with a sea of fire.

The outer air was reached at last, and scorchel and f.int, Ruth Mowbray sank down at the feet of Mrs. Rutherford.

A moment more, and the once pleasant parconage lay up n the ground, a heap of blazing timbers, and a pyre of crimen light!

The houseless family went home with Ruth, where they remained until mid-winter, when a new home was made ready for them on the site of the old one.

And not long after their removal, John Rutherford, sitting by the side of his fair preserver, asked her to put her had in his, and walk with him through life. Her hand walk to re-t on his shoulder-she was glad to lay it there; and she dil not resist the gentle arm that drew her close to his streng, true heart.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### MY LADY.

"Gentle, and lovely, and high-born was she-"

Thu paster of Windfall was standing before his cottage door, when a Boston coach stopped at the gate, and a stranger in Third if Rath Mowbray resided in the neighborhood.

"Ruth Mowbray? yes, sir-yonder is her home."

"Think you, sir; and if you are a friend of hers, you will rejoice at hearing of her good fortune. Ruth Mowbray is Roth Mowbray no longer, but Lady Ruth Manchester, the heirest of one of the finest estates in England. To communicate this intelligence I am seeking her. Good morning, sir."

Rith Mowbray no longer! but Luly Ruth Manchester! Mr. Rutherfor Is all the words over a rain and a rain, as a deep shiple of sidness settled on his usually placed brow. A titled heir is! what would she care for the love of a poor and humble chargement? would she reneunce the pomp and pareantry which awaited her beyond the sea, to share his lowly let, and reign in his lowly heart?

In spite of faith, doubt came upon him. He entered his character; cleat and looked the door, and on his kness supplied differ strength to bear whatever might be in store for him.

"She was always beautiful—now, she is rich and titled—yet why should I mammur? If this blackness of declation should full on my life, I can only cling closer to the Gol of goodness, who never willingly afflicts. I will trust?"

He filt souther and strengthened; and, believing that all would be ordered for the best, he went cheerfully about his duly during. His mother saw the strungle in his feelings, the fortered har sympathy—save by the prayers which she sat to Hower, that this cap might pass from him.

Of core Win Mill was alive with the news. Lord Henry Direct had died without heirs; and Mrs. Mowbray had been

his only sister; consequently, to her child, as next of kin descended the property of the Earl—amounting to cirkly thousand pounds sterling; together with the title of Lady Manchester.

There was a younger niece of the dead peer, who came in for a small annuity; for the rest, the quiet little dress-maker was its sole proprietress.

Mr. Montague, the agent of the late Lord Dorset, had come to convey the intelligence, and to accompany the young heiress to England.

It was really astonishing to see how quickly people discovered the extraordinary virtues and graces of Ruth Mowbray. Her cottage was flocked with aristocratic visitors; each and all anxious to pay their respects to and congratulate Lady Manchester on her accession to her rightful honors. Presents were sent her by young ladies, who had hitherto treated her with contempt.

To no one did Ruth see fit to give her confil nce. Win !full, with all its gossips, could not ascertain whether she inten led to remove to England, and assume her nights and honors, or whether she would remain where she was-cont at with being the queen of the village. Great anxiety was relt on this score; envious maidens heartily wished her by the the Atlantic; for their particular favorites among the years men had suddenly become aware of the fact that Rath was the fairest and most winning damsel in the village; and how it would all end none knew. Mr. Montague, the arent, h. ! quarters in Boston, and when questioned regarding Laty Manchester's intentions was particularly close-mouthel on the subject. Cariosity, for once, was ladiled. As fir J. La Rutherford, he held aloof. He would not influence the sink, he said; he would not hold her unwillingly to her engagement with him, though his heart should break in giving her liberty. Four days rolled by, and still there came to him to message from the young heiress; and rumor sail that on the Ifthe she would sail for England. Rutherford, stern and unmoved, heard the tidings, and still went not near her.

### CHAPTER XII.

### THE BREAD OF LABOR.

"There's a divinity that shows our ends, Rough how them as we will."

SHAKSPEARE.

Mrs. Winthrop had heard enough, vague though it was, to make her shudder at the very thought of remaining another day with the man whom the law had made her husband.

Willie was dead—the only link that bound her to Mr. Winthrep was severed; and now that she knew Millord Winthrep to be the yilest thing on earth, she was resolved to endure her martyrdom no longer.

State atted not a word of what she had heard; she made to preparations with silence and dispatch. Her trunks were yet in the depot at Boston; and she had only to arrange the dop in suning dress which she proposed to wear henceforth.

Her jewels, to the value of several thousand dellars, she said up and forwarded to an old and tried friend of her labers in Rexbury, with instructions to keep them until she should reclaim them.

She had by her about one thousand dollars, and with this she that he to go South and establish a school for young hills. Her property she still held in her own right, and there was no necessity of her laboring for a living; but emply ment for the mind she mut have. Sad reflections over power library when she sat down to ith ness, and she had her litestick that the break which is bought by toil is sweet.

Shop is all the night—the dim, misty night—upon the grave of her child; it was the last tribute she could pay. Early in the child turf, and hade this tomb of her lave at any farewell. Two hours later she was in Bostia. Reddining her trunks, she changed their labels, and as the property of Mrs. Lucy Bell, they were put on the train for

New York. She followed them, and that night she slept in the great metropolis.

Mr. Winthrop was absent on business, and would not discover her flight until pursuit would be useless, for she had left no clue by which she might be traced.

She had fixed on South Carolina as her place of refuge. She would be least likely to be sought in that direction, and would be by no means likely to meet any one from the North in that State, who had known her in happier days. Besides, she had heard much in praise of the genial climate of the Carolinas, and her health was none of the strongest.

Mrs. Bell,—as we must now, for a time at least, denominate Winifred,—hurried on from New York to Charleston, by the steamer. The voyage was unusually long, and the weather boisterous; but at last the spires of Charleston burst into view, and the steamer drew up to the crowded wharf. The busy, bustling scene of confusion for a moment made Mrs. Bell's head turn giddy; she was unused to making her way through such a multitude alone and unprotected; but gathering strength from her very weakness, she stepped on shere and gave her baggage into the guardianship of an efficious backman. He inquired whither she would be driven—she said to some quiet, respectable hotel.

Arrive I at an unpretending house in a retirc I street, the coachman handed her out, and demanded two dollars is a his fee. She put her hand in her pocket for her purse—it was not there! In the crowd at the quay she had been rebbed!

She explained the matter to the man, who immediately changed his respectful air to the most in elect abuse, which he delivered in broken English and but French.

"Madam can say what she likes—"lingur!! I sall have do l'argent, ou je ne donner-vous pas vos corres!"

"Very well," she returned; "you can retain the trunks; no doubt but you will find in them amply sufficient to pay you for your trouble."

"Madam is one trompetr; I no sall have no tricks [laye] on me!"

She drew from her finger a ring of exquisite workman-hip, set with a single topaz.

"Take this and give me my trunks. Take it; it will purch se your whole establishment!"

W. Y. Wan! Pierre Le Couvre is no fool. He has seen

"And I think a wholesome comp do pied à derri ro would benefit you, and teach you a lesson," cried a young man who had paus I near and listened to the colloquy—" so there—"

He flung the little Frenchman a two-dollar note, and at the sime give him a kick which set him tumbling down the steps into the gutter—muttering as he went—"

"Sic-r-r-r-e!" with a true Gallie roll of the r.

The young man turned to Mrs. Bell.

"Malum in what manner can I serve you?" he asked, courteously.

He had removed his hat, leaving his forchead bare. She had attentively into his face, and saw nothing there but

manly truth and nobility.

"Sir," said she, "I thank you for the service you have already done me. I am a Northerner, desirous of getting employment as a teacher. I had thought of a school in a small way, but, as some one has abstracted my funds, I shall be an interpretable of a place as governess in some private family."

A this half intelligence passed over the young man's features. He is a few moments for consideration. At length he said—

"I came to this place partly to procure an instructress for my years sisters, whom my mother is unwilling to send away from home; I have been disappointed in the person I had expected to engine; but I hardly regret it, if we can make a

bargain to put you in her place."

Mr. Vernon—so the stranger introduced himself—conducted the ledy into a perfor of the hotel, and a regular business interded to the lety the letween them. The result was favorable to be the Mrs. Bell was enjured at a liberal adary; and better non-citated day she was on her way with her employer to his plantation—"Castle Hill"—several miles above Columbia, on the Wateree river.

At subset of the third day the travelers reached their de ti-

The hard ref the place was her kind acquaintance of three days—II race Vernan, whom the early death of his father had lett in charge of the family and estates. Mrs. Vernon was still

young, handsome, and thrifty—a fair type of a southern house wife. There were two little fair-haired girls—Horace's sisters—Alice and Mildred; and when the governess saw them, the memory of her own darling, lying dead and cold in his social grave, came over her, and bursting into tears she left the room.

Mrs. Vernon under tood at once that some great grief troubled the heart of the stranger, and with true delicacy she forbore to question her. Mrs. Bell would do best without that sympathy which must seem obtrusive, she said; and so she evinced no curiosity, but treated the governess with a kind, motherly attention, very pleasant to the recipient.

Mrs. Bell's life at Castle Hill was calm and pleasant. Mrs. Vernon was like a dear mother to her; and the children loved her so dearly that they were ever ready to render the most implicit obedience to her wishes. Every night when she knelt in prayer, she thanked God that He had cast her lines in such pleasant places.

The Vernon's had taken it for granted that their governess was a widow, and she was willing that the illusion should continue. She never alluded, in any manner, to her past life; and they came to suppose that she had married unhappily, and perhaps against the wishes of her friends, and therefore avoided the theme.

### CHAPTER XIII.

AN UNEXPECTED JOURNEY AND UNEXPECTED EVENTS.

"Love! I scorn the word! I know it not!
I listen only to the voice that bids me on!
On, whether I will, or no; the stern, cold voice
Of duty!"

Our heroine had been at Castle Hill fifteen months, and never a word of Mr. Winthrop had reached her, save examples and allusions in the newspapers to his career at Washington.

She was sitting at her sewing, in the part r, one cold method ing in Pobruary, when Horace Vernon came in with the weak's mail. While he was examining his letters, she took up the brown bundles he had thrown into her hap - the family near

papers—and tore of the wrapper of the first one that offered. Glancing listlessly over the damp sheet, her eye was caught by the following paragraph.

"TERRIBLE AFFAIR AT THE CAPITAL!

"We learn from the Washington Globe of the 30th ult., that a duel has taken place between Senator Winthrop, of Massachusetts, and Brandon Lawrence, Esq., of Virginia, which results I in a rious, if not fatal injury to the former. It is the right by the attending physicians that Mr. Winthrop will not survive his wounds, though he may, possibly, live for some weeks longer. He has been removed from his hotel to a private house in Alexandria, where he will be carefully attended to. It is said that the meeting between the two gentlemen was caused by some family affairs, which have not yet transpired, and with which we, at present, are not conversant."

There followed a long tirade against the practice of ducling; a litter editorial on the magnitude of that man's crime who stands up coolly to shoot down his fellow-man but Mrs. I have a no further. She put down the paper, and left the rank. Up to her chamber she went, and passed an hour in short, though troubled thought. At the end of that time, she

tr -ler course of action was determined upon.

The path of duty by clear and plain before her! The man when she had promised to honor, obey, and cherish, in sike seas well as in health; by, perhaps, at the point of death, with no him he I hand to smooth his pillow, or wipe the cleany sweats from his brow. He was stricken down in his manhod I—stricken by his own practices act—the victim of a false code of hen r—the outcast of good men—the companion of the Heal stained. She fit no result for Millord Winthrop; yet she would go to him, now, in his dire extremity!

Such a tily packed a few articles of necessary clothing in a bashet; attired here if for traveling, and descended to the full r, where Mrs. Vernon and here in work sitting. Here here it has she entered the presence of those sold friends, for a monate she was tempted to throw horself on their friendship and give them her entire confidence, but she relief the indicate and in a few bridt words informed them that a circulate and in a few bridt words informed them that a circulate while coursed which rendered it necessary for here is not in a while. She regretted, she said, while she

could not obviate the necessity; and would, if Providence permitted, return to Castle Hill, and fulfil her engagement. Mrs. Vernon was surprised and pained. It was so sudden—could not Mrs. Bell defer the journey for a few days? No, the governess said—every moment's delay was an agony to her; she must set off immediately.

Well, Mrs. Vernon sail, if she must leave them, she could only speed her on her way by placing no obstacles before her, and by wishing her a prosperous journey, and an early return. Horace sail nothing, though his handsome face clouded at the announcement of his favorite's intended departure, and when she left the room, he followed her out into the hall.

"Meet you go, Lucy? Cannot you write, or sind some in your stead?" he asked, anxiously.

"I, only, can attend to this call, Mr. Vernon. It is a duty—a sacred duty!"

"May I imprire how far north this business will take you?" She hesitated, but at length replied—"Some distance north of Richmond, in Virginia."

object to it, most decidedly!"

"Thank you for your interest—but there is no need of apprehension. I shall be entirely safe, and—"

"Mrs. Bell, "he said, with decision, "you have hern under my roof nearly fifteen months, and have I ever in that time given you reason to doubt me?"

"No! never?" she return !, warmly.

"Well, then, I am going to accompany you a part of your way; you, your elf, shall set the limit if it longer, sound be one. I do not wish to pry into your affairs; I do not so k to know what calls you away from us—I trust you in that, for you can do no evil! But you shall not undertake all that long journey alone! So, consider it settled that I am to go with you?"

She was in to much haste to set out, to argue with him, and so he had it all his own way. Mrs. Vern in approved her son's plan heartily; his elboth the travel is cordally; which them God speed, and sent them away. Two days's established traveling by rail, brought them within the hor less of Virginia, and here, Mrs. Bell entreated her cont to be we her. But he refused, and they went on together to Freierichsburg. She

would permit him to go no farther, and Horace seeing her evident distress at his persistance, forbore to urge his company up a her.

The next day, Mrs. Bell reached Washington City, and at early twilight, she stood beside the bed of Milford Winthrop.

Mr. Winthrop's greeting to his wife partook of shame, surprise, and pleasure. His intense suffering required the constant care of a nurse, and there was no hand so soft as Winitrells; no voice so sweet and soothing. All other attendants vere dimissed from his chamber, and his wife took the sole charge—he was grateful and penitent. If she quitted his presen en enly for a moment, he was restle's and uneasy until her r turn. Meraver, he wished to confess to some one the Latty sias that Ly in such a burden on his conscience; and to wh me call be humble himself so well as to his muchur are I wife? He knew that the sands of his life were fulling away-in a little while the glass would be empty; and, in view of the great change that was coming upon him, Millord Winthr p grew hamable and remorseful. Winifred tended him with the utm t patience and gentlenes. She hatel him no Free; his very helphenes disarmed all feelings but those et emit in At intervals, as his distress well permit, Mr. Winthrap made Winified acquainted with the history ci lis lis. The details were given in broken sentences, and in parts a companied with bitter repinings; so we con-the convenience of the reader.

Miller! Wintherp was born in the State of New York, of we filly placents, and early destined by his proud father for the bar. He was an only sin, and the probable heir of a large for the At the are of nineticn, he came forth from the halls of New Haven university, a graduate, but, before he common to be the tily of his probable, he in talged in two years of true. He wilted the principal points of interest in Europe returned, a pay, disolate young arist crat, to the series and set of on a Southern tour. At college, he had become very intimate with a young Vir inion, named Brandon Lavrance, and by invitation of his films, his visit South was really and a fine swill of him, which rose higher and higher

at the north until it joined the Blue Ridge. It was a capital place for hunting and fishing, and Lawrence being an orphan, with no relatives in the house, save a maiden aunt who had the supervision of the servants; there was nothing to him for the young men from enjoying themselves continually in out-of-door sports. Milford, as we have said, was rather a will youth, and this kind of life suited him exactly. Lawrence, was a noble-hearted young fellow, with a fine flow of spirits, and willing to do any thing to promote the enjoyment of his

guest But a change came, and the confrires were oblined to quit their pioneer sort of life. Lawrence's cou-in, Melicent Brandon, a thir, beautiful girl of seventeen, came for a visit to ler aunt and cousin. Unlucky hour! Besides her personal attractions, Melicent was possessed of some fortune. She was the promised bride of young Lawrence. He loved her truly and ten lerly, with the whole strength of his fervid, Southern nature, and she professed to return his affection. But the handsome face of Mr. Winthrop, and his stylish, fasting minners, attracted the somewhat coquettish girl, and she grew cold and distant toward her cousin. Winthrop was net slow to follow up his a lyantage. Melicent was hand me, of an old family, and she was an heiress; he almired her beauty, coacted her fortune. He basely betrayed the confidence of his friend; proposed an elopement to the gilly girl-and thas con unmated his villainy. The crimy couple left the his at night; proceeded to a small village some six miles di 'dat, where they were united, and returned to the manion of the outraged lover before breakfast.

As a matter of course, they were indifferently received. The bride was sent home to her parents at Bell ments; and young Lawrence and the bride recem met in a dril, which resulted in a wound to the former, that kept him confined to his bel for two months. The parents of Meli ent were the most heart-broken at the conduct of their daughter. Mill had had been their idel—the shrine about which the teril is affect in soft their hearts club r, and the realering of the charter of confidence and love was very bittin. The match between their and her comin had been long of their hearts of the real this relies to driving of the engagement brought reproach and searched up in

the hitherto unsulfied name of Brandon. Winthrop cared a thir; for this; his very reckle suces increased the distress of the condition with the Brandon foll into a decline. His naturally fields constitution was broken by the recent stroke—credeng death released him. His wife, completely prestrated by the less of her husband, sank into a rapid consumption, and survived him only a few short months. Thus the whole Brand a property fell into the hands of Milford Winthrop. As for Mr. Lawrence, immediately on his recovery from his wound, he sold his Virginian possessions, discharged his liabilities, and, broken in health, spirits, and forture 1 it the country. Whither he went no one knew.

Your Windrep, by this time, wearied of his pretty, ca-; il i as wile; and her will grief for the less of her parents, mingled as it was with hitter self-reproach, filled him with inthe distribution. He hated to sa a woman forever in turs, he sail; he wanted a wife to cheer him and make him Lapy, a ta light ring Niebe. In consequence, poor Melicut was trated with hardness, often with cracky. This callet of her hashard was not without its effect on the write legisl. Her mind, never of the strengest type, be amo ill i with one il a, upon which she dwelt day and night-. Her love had under one a grad-"ill it are that runtin; and now should him to c: ..... the care lovel. This hair l with her t le the firm of a facilit membrania. She imarined that if she e all deprive her harband of his, she would be doing the nallan imi., malles rii ; and this elast she make atthe problem in the plant of the confinence, - 'la' - la carto villa la ra- 'a but langlil. He semel tet ice a est el tit. Il in del lat in her helphone, un l is the first the last the last to do him harm. But he was he is a market the the state of another ora-the little it to have the dated it will, and the product but, but not mostly should be in the being girdle,

Attrible on the Winthrop the line of jetile in

placed her in the care of a servant after his own heart, and himself set out for the East, where he readily obtained a decree of divorce from his wife, on the ground of her instinity. By the decree he was appointed guardian of the unfortunate woman. The property, of course, saving enough for her maintenance, belonged to him according to the statute provided for such cases. After obtaining the divorce, he returned to Bellemonte, disposed of all the Brandon heritage (except the old homestead), including lands, stocks, and slaves.

His father's death, occurring about this time, put him in possession of a princely revenue; and soon after, having study ied law at each leisure moment since his departure from cellege, he commenced the practice of his profession in Boston. Occasionally he visited Virginia to see that his wretched victim was not let loose. With the lapse of years, Melicent's malady increased, and she became periodically insane in reality. Still, she had lucid intervals in which her cries for release were heart-rending. Mr. Winthrop had been in business several years when he first met Winifrel Atherton. The girl's beauty pleased him, and her father's wealth was a treeable to his inordinate love of gold. By a crafty appear acof virtue, and many a well-time i act of kindnes, he belthe unsuspecting old man to place in him unlimited confilence. The result of this scheming is already known. When Mrs. Winthrop Lad wished to leave Washington for some country retreat, and by a singular coincidence, had fixed on Rappahannock county—the scene of her husband's villainy—he had opposed her plan, because she would be brought into the vicinity of his first wife's prison-house. But, on second thought, he feared to persist in his objections, lest Winified should sispect him of some hid len motive, and institute invertigation which might lead to an experi of the whole affair.

Therefore he had made a journey into western Virginia, and removed Melicent to an old hunting lodge on the other side of the mountains, some three or four miles from Wellstock. There he left her in care of two of his your or slave, giving them strict directions not to allow her to quit her in on the peril of their lives.

Melicent was possed of exceeding articlines and not mail degree of craft. The negroes, believing her two theretyling

insane to heel or comprehend their conversation, had no seruple in discussing freely their master's afficirs in her presence, and through their idle gossip she learned the whole particulars of the expected arrival at Bellemonte, and the preparations which were making. With infinite joy she found that the cl.,m'r which was to be appropriated to Mrs. Winthrop was the ream which Mr. Brandon, her late father, had used for a calinet; and behind the chimney of which there was a sliding Panel, close down to the floor, that shut up a roomy recess, us I by the firm r master of B Hemonte as a sort of safe for 1 preset value. This recess communicated with a narrow I was I aller the north wing of the mansion, and terminating in an outlet in the open air, which was closed by a move le stene. Melicent knew this secret, but she had never divolged it to any one; and when she understood that the wife and child of her enemy were to be domiciled in that cham'r, sin swore in her soul a terrible oath to take the lives of both.

It was night, but she knew the way well. Like a will deer El. : il w on, and reached the month of the secret passage withou m lestation. The great stone gave her really ingress to the peace. She as ended to the recess, and, removing the slillar panel, gained Winifre I's chamber. Mether and child were leth sleping, and both would have fallen steriff o to the rure of the damen, but for Winife I's sudden and providential awak ning. Once again, on a succeeding night, was her design frustrated in the same manner. The third time she had It a partially successful. The presence of Rosy had preventell riven murling the mistres. So she contented herself with a ding little Walle. The child she proposed to carry to the late, and kill it at her leisme; but the poor innocent's cristrism richer were - pitcons, and its strucking rendereliter halvarlen, that her patience gave out. She strangled is, and had it do all on the banks of the river. The extraordin ry or ribus which she had made, and the experie that she had made up no, threw the missable won in into a rating in a which have the works. At the expiration of that Line, her die est took a faverable turn, and for mere than a In with It was expected that she would ultimately recover, Dat a rainer compred, and bur fate was decided. Mr. Winthrop arrived at the lodge the day preceding her death; and his threats wrung from the dying woman a minute cent-sion of her sin. She revealed all, unreservedly; and with the last word trembling on his lips, she expired. Mr. Winthrep saw her decently interred by the side of her parents; gave the megroes, who had served him so faithfully, their freedom, shut up Bellemente, and returned to Maplewood to find his home desolate.

Three weeks before the fatal duel, Bran lon Lawrence, the cousin of Melicent, had arrived in America. An accidental meeting had taken place at Washington between the ferner friends, and some taunting words were exchanged. Mr. Lawrence's hot blood was in no wise cooled by the lapse of time. He challenged Mr. Winthrop to mortal combat. This was the substance of his confession. Winnified could only compassionate the poor, wasted piece of mortality before her, and commit him, with many prayers, to the mercy of God. Mr. Winthrop grew worse. His wounds healed falsely—inflammation set in, and for six miserable days he suffered unspeakable ageny. With vain longings for a little more of the fiver called lite, and clinging closely to the hand of his wife as though she could keep him back, the spirit of Milford Winthrop passed unto the bar of its Judge.

# CHAPTER XIV.

THE PAINS OF SICKNESS.

"Though griefs unnumber'd throng thee read, a Still in thy Galomble!

Whose finger marks the seas their bound

And only the leading till."

One bright April morning, she at forth on her return to Cathe Hill. It was the middle of the menth who a same of Columbia—wet, rainy, and extran ly madely. Shot is a state couch to a little village only ten miles in more than and owher to the wretch distate of the racks, was a little village the racks, was a little progress was exceeded by allow. The raws

a poor woman, with a blue-eyed little girl, passenger in the ceach, and the child seemed suffering with some unknown discase. Winifred, compassionating the stranger, sought her acquaintance, and divided with her the task of holding the child. The mother thought it had the measles, as it had been expessed to them, and the skin had something of that appearance. About half-way to the village before-mentioned, the woman and child left the coach, the latter being unable to ride farther. Winifred performed the remainder of the journey thene. Arrived at the terminus of her stage journey, she engazel a private conveyance to Castle Hill. During the last few days, a strange languor of spirits, and lassitude of body, had oppressed her; and now her temples throbbed hotly with a raging headache. The jolting of the carriage increased the pain alm st beyond endurance, and she feared that her strength would not sustain her through the transit. She became increllilly anxious to get on—the horses went at a snail's pace, and the bold swell of Castle Hill was so long in breaking en her view. From the parler windows Horace Vernon saw the approaching carriage. He harried out. Winifred had just strength enough to murmur:

"Take me to the house!" when she fell back unconscious, for the first time in her life.

Horse tere open the carriag door, and, clasping the inaninate form in his arms, bore her into the parlor, and haid her down on a soft by the fire. With all haste he dispatched a sorvant for a physician. In a brief space Dr. Uphan arrived. He examined the patient critically, made some singular inquiries, and shook his head.

"She has the small pox, of the most virulent type, I should judge by the fever. I have seldom felt so high a pulse. She has a hard three weeks' work before her—poor girl."

Hence Vernen's decision led him to act quickly. He call I his nother, gathered tenther his servants, and bade them property and immediate journey. In two hours' time the extired are held (with the exception of Horace and an old horace with had had had the disease) were on their way to a small plantal in seven miles up the river. Horace Vernon have rich a more intense thrill of satisfaction than at the learner has know that Winifred was to be his charge; that to

him she was to owe all the careful tenderness that a sick per-

son requires.

When all danger from contagion was over, Mrs. Vernon and the family came back to Castle Hill, and Winifred was in great danger of being tended to death. As soon as Winifred was strong enough to talk, she confided her whole history to these excellent friends, keeping back only the portion relating to Gerard Middleton. That she could not bring herself to reveal. To the surprise and intinite distress of her friends, Winifred's sense of vision continued to grow less and less, until, in a few weeks, total blindness came upon her. Physicians without number were consulted; they all prophesied that return to health would restore the power of sight; but time passed and brought no favorable issue. It was a terrible trial to this proud, beautiful woman; but, in passing through the deep waters of affliction, she learned to put faith in the goodness of a gracious God. Her very helplessness endeared her to Horace Vernon. It was his privilege to bear her about in his arms, paint to her blinded vision the glory of the summer landscape, to soothe and comfort her as a mother does . her well-beloved child.

But what of those other lovers whose fortunes we have

thrust upon our readers?

within him. His love as well as his inclination said to him: "Go to Ruth Mowbray, tell her how strongly and tenderly you love her! Tell her that without her, lite will be worse than a blank. Confess all to her, and perhaps her affection will be stronger than her pride." But was it pride on the other hand that said? "No; remain where you are. Let her choose for her elf. You do not wish to take for a wife one who has a single thought or feeling reaching out after other shrines. Wait."

It was a beautiful September evening—the universal leart of nature was at peace. But there was one who took no rest. Back and forth in the shrubbery b hind the church, walked John Rutherford; his face pale and stormy; his arms folked in the semblance of resignation upon a breast who e wild beating proclaimed no resignation within. It was near mile-

night, he know, i'r the clock on the neighboring steeple had just giv n the warning. He had hoped against hope for making from little Ruth. The hope was dead now,

and in its place had come despair.

It was not inight—the last night that the fair girl would spend in her native land. So report said, and why should he helicant to believe it? Only a few more brief hours, and they wend he irrevocably separated. The thought was maddening. He turned to enter the house, where he might spend his night of a row alone. A hand was laid lightly on his arm. He steel there to face with Ruth Mowbray. The white me allight short full upon her brow; her deep, earnest eyes were like to his. There was no guile, no shrinking, in those calm, truthful cals. He took both her hands in his, and said, simply:

"Well, Ruth, I have waited for you."

"And I could not stay away longer, John. I hoped you would come to may but you did not; and now that I have come you will not think me bold and forward?"

"No, Lady Ruth."

"Laly Rath! never call me thus again! I renounce all claim to rank and title, John. There is but one carthly throne where I covet to reign!"

"And that is where?"

" In your heart!"

He consist her reptureusly in his arms, weeping over her as we weep ever the ereturned to us from the dead.

My own little Ruth once more! God bless her true, but it is And she will not have her humble lover for British titles and British gold!"

"N.ver, Jim! how could you think so?" she said,

s riably and try mily.

winderitable, and transmit to me the proceeds. We can do a grant dad et good with all that money, John. The title I raise with to my young cousin across the seas, who has a handward share of the heritage. I can afford to give up an etagty name, when I have you and your love instead."

Think you John Rutherford was happy? Two months later, there was a welling in the little church of Windfall.

### CHAPTER XV.

DARKNESS AND DAWN.

"Darken'd! this life, henceforth, a shadowy dream, Blinded and helpless float I down the stream."

The country rang with the same of the great French physician, Dr. Gerard. His name reached the secluded home of the Vernons, loaded with praise. He was a singularly successful oculist, who had performed some astonishing operations. Horace Vernon besought Winifred to make the journey to New York, and consult this great operator. Early in October she set forth for the metropolis, accompanied by Horace. They made their journey a long one, for Winifred was still feeble, and arrived at their destination, they took lodgings in a retired boarding-house.

Two days clapsed, during which Winifred rested from her fatigue, and Horace had an interview with Dr. Gerard. On the third day the fair patient, attended by her friend, was ushered into the doctor's presence. Dr. Gerard was standing at a window when his visitors were announced. He turned to greet them, but gave no welcome; his eyes were riveted upon the countenance of the lady. All the color went out from his face, leaving it white and clear as marble.

"This is the lady whom I mentioned to you," Horace said.
"The lady is your wife, I presume?"

Horace blushed painfully.

"No, sir; not my wife, but my very dear friend."

A gleam shot athwart the face of the doctor. He took Winifred gently by the arm, and led her to an easy chair in a shadowy corner of the room.

"Will von trust her with me a little while?" he askel.

"To be sure, if she consents."

"Certainly, Horace; I am not afraid," was her reply.

The doctor passed his hand soothingly over her hair, while an expression of unutterable tenderness dwelt on his face. How gentle he was! How very careful he examined those shrinking eyes! How particular he was not to agitate her! At last—it seemed an age to the impatient waiter—he called Horace, and to his inquiries, replied:

"I can give you no certain grounds for hope, but I do not despair. To-merrow, if the lady has the courage, I can decide."

"In what manner?" cried Horace. "By an operation?"

"Yes, and by that only!"

H race shuldered. "Will it be painful?"

"Not if it should be in any manner successful. If the contrary—I will not deceive you—it will occasion some degree of sufering; perhaps more, perhaps less."

"Dear Winifred! my poor friend! Can you endure it?" She smiled hopefully. "Yes, Horace, I can bear any thing better than suspense. Try me and see."

"To merrow, at ten," he said, by way of a reminder, as the carriage bore them away.

The hour arrivel. Winifred, pale but firm, sat in the operating-chair. Not even Horace was allowed to remain. Deal silence reigned—neither spoke a word; there was much at stake. Not a perve of the doctor trembled, his hand was firm as stal; his face was white and stern. It was done at let. A low cry burst from the sufferer's lips. The doctor bent down over her.

"Ise! Ise, though dimly!" she cried, joyfully. "I see! O Gel, when do I see? Is this an illusion? Is Gerard Middleton before me?"

His arms reached out to her.

"Winified, come to me. Come to my heart—at last mine!" Sie sprangup: "Gerard." She buried her face in his bosom. "Thank Golf" was all that he could utter.

She the tilt is to of her restored sight, nothing of poor, and is Herry waiting without; all the world was swallowed up in the case if a-Grand Milliton.

May lays of we deness and pain did Winifred pass in a dark in lather, forbidden to look even upon that dear face which haveral continuedly over her. His presence soothed har like a strain of sweet music. Perfect vision came to her never again. She could enjoy the pleasure of viewing near edjects, and the companionship of books. For this incalculable favor she was very grateful. When the light of day was admitted into her chamber, Dr. Middleton brought a white-haired man to the soft where Winifred reclined; and, while Gerard supported the pule woman in his arms, the aged man of God united the stray, so long severed, in marriage.

Horace Vernon, his face hidden in the drapery of the window, was the only witness. When the clergyman had pronounced his blessing on the new-made husband and wife and departed, Horace conquered his emotion, and came forth. He took a hand of each:

"May God bless you!" he said, earnestly. "God bless

you forever! I am content."

It was not until Winifred had been many weeks a happy wife, and the pair were settled down to their bliesful life at Atherton Hall, that she knew the truth and tenderness with which she had been loved through those long years of separation. Gerard Middleton had wandered over Europe, studying his profession here and there; lonely and desolate in heart, but firm in his resolution to win for himself a name that all should speak with praise. He had succeeded. His fame spread over the continent. Gold came to his coffers, and the gratitude of thousands of human beings to his heart! But peace of mind never came! His heart had an unfilled void.

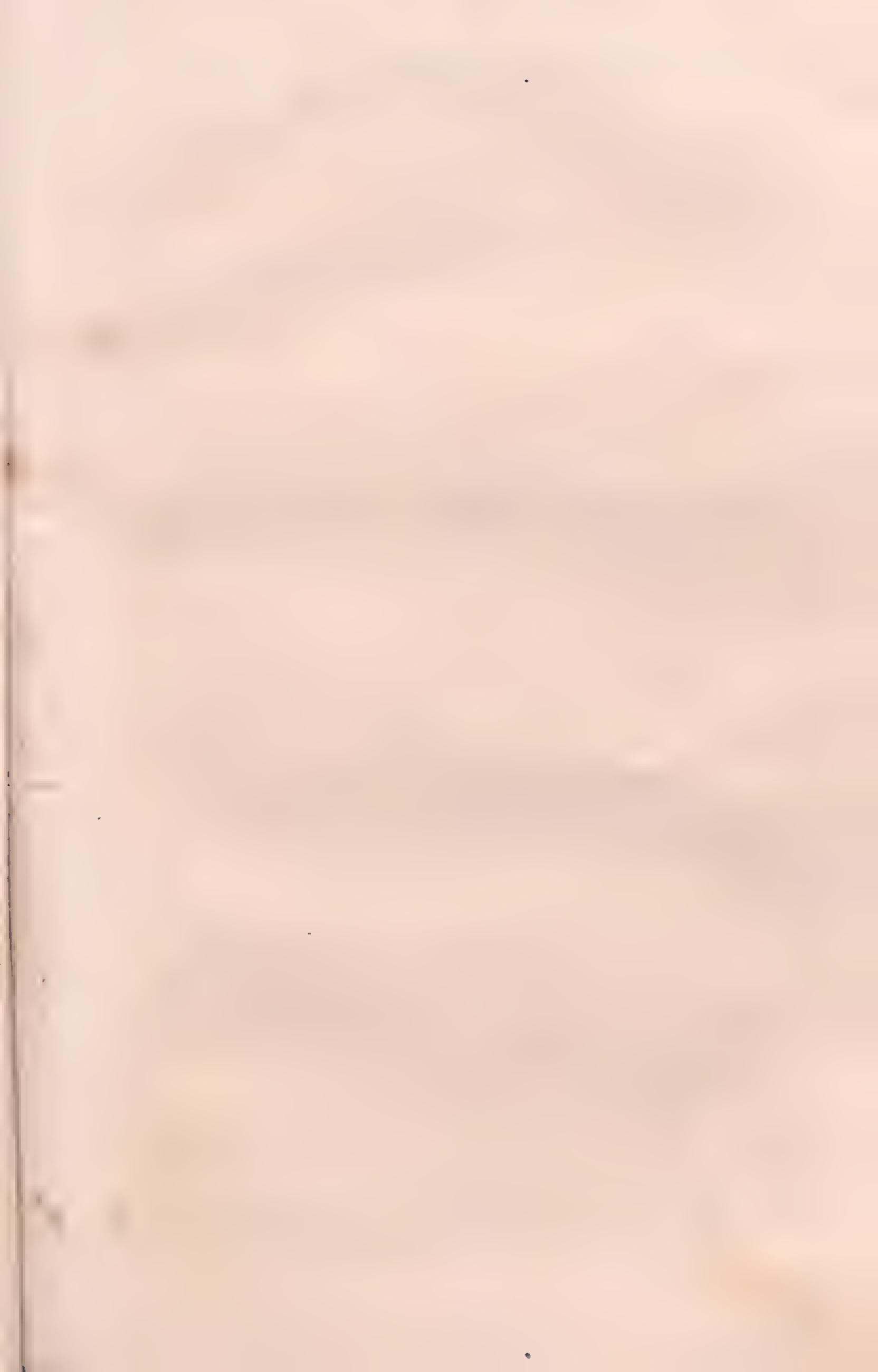
At length he had read in an American paper of the duel, and subsequent death of Milford Winthrop. Newly-awakened hope swelled his bosom, and he sailed for America immediately. He had established hims If in New York, and sent faithful agents all over New England to obtain some clue to his beloved Winitred. Providence brought her to his door.

Dear reader, your good heart can imagine the happiness of those two persons who had loved each other so faithfully through years of doubt and despair; and perhaps you can, also, picture to yourself the desolution of Horace Vernon, when once more in the calm of his Southern home.

He never married, but through a long and virtuous life, the poor blessed his name, and men loved and respected him. And he found his greatest joy below, in the long visit, which

he paid annually, to his friends at Atherton Hall.

John Rutherford and his wife, living as they did, within a day's ride of the Middleton's, found much pleasure in their society; and Mr. Rutherford felt no jealousy, but only content, when the older friendship between Mrs. Rutherford and Dr. Middleton was renewed.



Enterel are ring to Act of Con ress, in the Year 1860, by BEADLE AND COMPANY,

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#### THE

# CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE.

#### CHAPTER I.

THE CITY OF WAKWAKA.

"MERCY! what have we here?"

As he after I this exclamation, Hugh Fielding pulled at his hards brille so sall only that the animal was very nearly the war up a his harm has, which was fortunate, for, had he taken another step forward, it would have been into the hard to hit child asleep and alone upon the prairie.

The filtr remains I in his saidle a moment, gazing with ust alson at down upon the ground where, half-covered by the full grass and porrous blossoms, this vision had startful him. The inflat, not more than a year of age apparently, was a little gitt in a white frack, the sleeves of which were had up with ords; she had round, rosy limbs, and a sweet an A few it was were graped in one hand, the other was under her check; one show was on, the other lost, while her later matthet the salk was crampled beneath her feet. As if in protection as a lost I and over her, from some of when full the matthet have had dropped into her gold a hair.

It was not struct that Mr. II bling was surprised, for he was a light and the many habitation; and his piercing eye, that a light structure of any other human bling. He dismounted to the light was surprised to the little case in his arms, who opened

a pair of bright eyes and looked vaguely around, then wistfully into his face.

"Mamma!" she cried, in a plaintive voice, again and again, but she did not otherwise cry, or make those active demonstrations of grief which her fin ler dreaded.

Hugh was a man of thirty-three, and ought to have been the father of several such pretty creatures of his own; but he was a bachelor, reserved, taciturn, "unskilled in all the arts and wiles" of soothing infants. He was touched almost to tears by the evident grief and forlornness of the little thing. She seemed to pine with hunger, too. He placed her upon the saddle, while he examined the contents of a brown bag which he had stored with provisions at the last settlement. Dried venison, hard bread—ah, here were some so la-crackers!—sorry food for the baby that was still perhaps dependent upon a mother's bounty for sustenance. But she was too hungry to be particular; she seized upon the cracker, and ate it with a relish, and, after finishing what was given her, looked at her new friend and smiled. That confiding smile went straight to his heart and stirred in it a new son-ution.

What was to be done? Of course, he thought not for an instant of a and oning the child to the destruction of solitule; but a baby-girl was not the most desirable companion for a man going into a new country to hunt and fish, and dwell alone wherever his fancy might prompt him to wander. A sudden thought that the parents might also be sleeping somewhere in the vicinity, ingrabable as it was, occurred to him; and he forthwith half and so be tilly that his charge be an to cry with fright, when he left off and because officers at baby-talk.

Mounting his horse again, and keeping her in his arms, he took a circuit of a mile around the spot, heping to find the lost grantling. But the tiny show which muted the on appropriate foot, and a blue ribbon-such hunging upon the therms of a rose-bush, were all that he discovered.

Something in the color of the blue sord, and something in the color of the baby's eyes, which were a soft, bright, during hazel, reminded him of a history in his past life which it was a part of his purpose in coming West to forget. He the wollt

it very rill ulous in himself to connect things so remote from c. h other, even in theory; nevertheless, he drew the child clarate his heart and spoke to it in the soft at tone of his deep and musical voice.

Bit what was to bed me? The sun was going down be-Lin1 the arth as into a sea of emerald and jusper. He had meant to pass the prairie before night; but now he thought it Let to remain where he was, in the faint hope that some one would come to chim his charge. He had come upon a little brank trickling through the grass in a gully, as he described the circle of a mile, with a little clump of trees to which he Cil fein his here, making it a desirable place upon which to camp out. Here is allighted and bern preparations for the night. His little companion, lett to herself upon the gres, command again her plainties on after "mamma, manner." One in ally, in the course of preparing his sup-1 7, he well try to be calle her away from the one desire which years I in her forlers little heart, but in vain. Like a divin n. hing in the willernes, she kept up her sorrowful ery. A flow sticks broken from the dead branch of a tree : ... ! Illin with mad rials for a fire, which he kin lled upon the problem of the problem of the process to endanger its in the little time that a cop of tea, a portion effectively but she was too much grind to be in he described this stell, who had ( .... i his thirst in the strain, cropped at his his me the 1. T. this ... and I rich ver have about his fict.

By the fine the mail of ta, teated crackers, and driet to all the options of the little in the lover the sear, and the interded half so that the perturbation and the mail to the latest the first them. It is partners as, and, being notified to the latest them, and, with some of their teats of the rapidle of the rapids.

II . I to be it ame the it's me emigrant family had

been attacked by them, the father murdered, the mother borne off into slavery, and the child left to perish! What agony must not that mother at this moment be enduring! Was she young and beautiful? Had she eyes like those of the infint whose soft breath played over his cheek? There had been no traces of any murderous struggle about the spot where he found the babe; but they might have taken it with them some distance and thrown it away at last, because it impeded their flight. Thus mused the traveler until his fancies melted into indistinct visions; and, with only his horse for guard and his gun for defense, he slumbered as sweetly upon the wide plain as he had ever done in the spacious halls of a luxurious civilization.

A kiss upon his cheek and the caress of a soft hand awoke him in the morning; and he dreamed for a blissful moment that he was a married man.

"Der Myrtle," he said, in a rapturous tone, at which the baby laughed, as if familiar with the name, thereby awakening him to a sense of his situation. Quickly the sweet dream vanished; and, as he sprang to his feet, ready dressed, for a moment a cloud of pain was upon his brow; but it falled presently as he became aborded in his calinary preparations, while his companion sat upon the blunket and watched his movements with a pretty curiosity.

After breakfist, the two resumed their journey, Mr. Fielding thinking it useles to wait there any longer. The child set qui their front of him, seeming to enjoy the ride, and yet musing over some secret grief of her own; but she had no language by which to tell either her grief or sorrow, except her one word, "mamma."

The hot July sun was very endurable to Mr. Piel ling, who was almost a world-wide traveler. But he observed that it strained the lovely face of his companion, who had no bound to state her from its rays; so he contrived an imprompt a shade out of his handkerchief.

It was nearly noon when they reached the city of Wakwaka, which was, for the present, the destination of the travelers. As they let the prairie and a send da slight eminer of which gave them a view of the town and surrounding scenery, Hugh reined in his horse and gazed for a while upon the

novel project. A long, river-like lake, who a bright blue waters I wasnoth i reath the cloudless sky, flowed along letwo n light anks of singular beauty. These blaff-like banks stretched back into narrow emerald plains, from which reartin tentiful wooded hills, between which he could exten glings sof anoth r glorious prairie beyond. At the flot of the eminence up a which he now was, along the south bunk as sm th and full as a terrace, lay the fifty hours which ciny s I the present of Walewaka. About half of these were of ourses, glaming whitely in the simlight; the rest ware of bards put rulely together, and three or four brick building which did not seem completed. The fact is, this and it as and it urishing town had not been in existence six month's I fre, its exact age being five months and one we k. The virgin bearity of the lake-shore was already defined by a d it, from which a little steambeat had just putled cheerily away, I wing the group of men who had gathered at the landing to lake attract a few moments, and then turn a cain to their different employments.

Mr. Fillding sparred up his horse and role down along the street, taking, as he pre-d along with his gan on his shouller and a baby in his arms, the place of the departed steamer in the interest and enrichty of the people.

It is do the hid any in the motley crowd who had gothered from values impuls a of a litherest in that new city, could an entirely be called a iventurers than the couple who now make their parts the principal and in truth the only hotel. It was the hid line's to have a lead and myst rious for the latter rid, she, also, by a new strange and myst rious for my had been cost into a unique situation which promised only singular experiences.

The theorem of the first appearance in her new parts in built of the appropriate. It was a stage upon which alm tany now drama might be performed with unprecedenteds. It was a stage upon which alm tany now drama might be performed with unprecedenteds. It is a the cloth houses, the sound of hammers, the flag flut that he top of the enesstory hotel, the rattle of an arminist, the distant hills, the levely lake, the flowers and bries or wang upon the very strot of the city, formed no many strains a junction of city to then her life might form of events.

The arrival of a new-comer, though of constant occurrence, was still a matter of intense interest to the dwellers in Wak-waka; and the crowd upon the landing proceeded across the way and gathered about the front of the hotel to welcome with inquisitive eyes the approach of the strangers.

Hugh was not a man to be embarrassed even by the novel charge held so gently in his arm. One glance upon the group of shrewd, speculative, yet cool faces about him, revealed to him the elements upon which the rapidity of Western civilization depends.

He smiled slightly as he glanced at the house built of rough beards with canvas wings, like some strange, unfeathered bird just settled from a flight, and thought of how he had often rested beneath the shalow of the Coliscum.

"Have our new house done next week—that brick yonder," sail the landlord, who already had his horse by the brille, as he detected the smile.

"Have you any women in the house?" askel Hugh.

"Lots of them," was the ready response.

Well, take this child in, and have them provide some bread-and-milk for her, if you please."

The curiosity expressed in the neighboring faces gave place to a look of a imiration as he took his han kerchief from the head of the little girl. The extreme beauty of her infant countenance delighted even the coursest in the crowd. Her golden hair curled up in short, shining ringlets, which hung like a garland about her head, the crown of her exquisite leveliness. She shrank and clear to her protector when the landford went to take her; but when Hugh asked her to go, she obeyed. A woman, who had been looking from a window, was already at the door to take her within and minister to her comfort.

Mr. Fielding, as he dismounted, found himself in a group of men, mest of them into higher, many elecated, all ready to ask after the world they had left, and to give all the information desired about their new home and its prespects. He seem related the story of the child's being found by him; and it was unmimously concluded that its parents had fallen a prey to some reversibil Indians who did not dure open warder, but a mathematical improtected emigran's. Great

pity and intrest were felt; and twenty nery hearts blazed up with a determination to hunt out and punish the marauders, if any true s of them could be found. The next thing present that each man present should subscribe a sum toward the prepresent in the prepresent proposed she should be Prairie (as one intrinctive person proposed she should be call by and saveral hundred dollars were offered on the spot. It is and saveral hundred dollars were offered on the spot. It is not find hitherto regarded children as rather needless and unjustified introducts upon people's time and comfree and unjustified in the had thrown this one in his way, and he was very will able to provide for her, and already loved the mass very will able to provide for her, and already loved the mass well taken care of.

A low char of approval broke from some of the young men; and they rather I alout the windows and doors to get another I put the pretty herolan who was being limited by all the females of the house.

Helically waited to shake the dut of travel off him, and particle of the dimer waiting up a a long table in the canvas limit a hall, he has been used in quire after his charge. She had a first that had hall, and was sitting in her now is him to not proble, but with two gratters. The ring of a har cyclicle, randy to fall. When she are Helical had had come experty to his arms. It was extinct that she was a deflecte flower, to be guarded in a first she had and the very esternal. She seemed that the first she was a deflecte flower, to be guarded to apply to him which made him teel how impossible it was for him to abandon her.

" I had you I shall call her Myrel," replied Huch.

"What make you give her such an out-of-the-way name at the fail and the "Mary would be much more to my mind."

"It must the name of a fill nd of mine," he answered; "and, "it is the manual of Myrth is 'by dear pretty meaning for a child's rate man; the "the name described as not always in its the character," he added, with a light

"As true as I am born," said the first speaker, "if the initial on the clasp of her corals is not 'M!" But, of course, her name must have been Mary."

"Of course it was," added the second.

"I think Myrtle will be very pretty," said a sweet voice in the corner.

Hugh looked that way.

"Do you know, madam," he inquired, "where I could find some kind woman who would take care of her a few days until I get my plans somewhat arranged? She shall be well rewarded."

"I will take her with pleasure, and wish no reward, of course. She will be company for me," answered the lady.

With this pleasant person, who was the young bride of a lawyer who had come out to take advantage of the making of a new country, and whose winning ways were well suited to soothe the timid child, Mr. Fielding left his little Myrtle.

## - CHAPTER II.

#### MR. FIELDING'S ESTABLISHMENT.

A when from the see Mr. Fielding was settled to his heart's content. He had succeeded in purchasing three hundred acres lying along the chors of the lake, and including some of its most romanic pertions, at a distance of not more than two miles from the city. It was not his intention to live in any community, unless it were a community of pheasants, particles, do not will-turkeys; and, if it had not been for his finding of looky Myrtle, he would have camped out until cold weather, making exemples of several days' length.

It was the firsh and wonderful loveliness of the pure water and its surrounding as many, looking as if here for untold years nature had nach one of her sweet at retiring-places, that induced him to stop near Wakwaka.

In a st. It red as k, proto to I from any stray win is which might prove to strong for it, and over clooking the water at its most beautiful point, he erected his canvas house. The opposite short was lined with a wood downk, a hill peering over its should rain the distance; and he had but to walk a low steps in the down one of the loveliest vistantial world rain land, broken by clumps of trees, and gift the print a time with a silvery edge of water.

Mr. It illest was a little tinged with misanthropy—as much so as a man of his min do I dignity and generosity of character oil I le—and there may have been some very good reason frig. Cartainly he did not book like a person to whom misanthropy can by not are or inheritance.

Helician let hive abone; but his finding of that stray will good to the prairie had altered his determination. So how had the reads to his imprompte house, one of which was occurred by a last old lady who had consented to take charge of his lament of his amount its, including little Myrtle.

For a man who had criticised the palaces of the Old World, his apartment could not be said to display that love of beauty which was one of the strong elements of his character. A believed—whose posts, so far from being polished by the hand of art, wore still the shining bark with which nature had dre sed them—was fitted to receive the buffalo-skin and blankets heaped upon it. A shot-gun and light rifle hung upon the wall, except when out with their owner; and the traps of a hunter and the clothes of a gentleman filled the little room indicriminately. But, upon a home made table in a corner, some glimpses of a finer taste were apparent. Perhaps a dozen favorite books of poetry and philosophy were piled upon it, a flute lay by their side, and a brown stone mug in the center was never without its bouquet of will-flowers.

The other half of the house was kitchen and parlor; and noboly would guess that it was belroom also, during the night, dil they not notice a little frame with blankets in ide turned up snugly against the wall in the corner furthest from the stove.

"I declare, Mrs. Muzzins, this is really delightful!" sail Mr. Filling, in his carnest, pleasant way, the first evening they sat down to tea.

A cool wind blew over the lake and in at the door; woodland and water glowed in the sunset light; and he could see it all from his place at the table.

A white chith was on the board, and a brace of phea ant, and fish from the take, and got len corn pone upon that; and upon one side sat the smart of I haly, pouring tea into two little caps of blue carthenware, her chain cap on, and her eyes stading satisfic I glaness at the particular with which the fish was "done brown." And, lovelist sight of all, at the other side, in a high chair, bought in the city, with her bowled brown and milk before her, sat the beautiful baby Myrtle, smiling over at her friend, and shedding sunshine over the place by her bright, innocent countenance.

Mrs. Murgins probably thought that her companion referred

entirely to the looks of the dishes b fore him.

"I am glad if you like my cooking, Mr. Fildin'; I've generally ben rock med a purty good hand at it," she answered, complacently.

"I do like your cooking," he responded, emphatically, as he help it like if to place and. "And I like the quiet of this place to; so so no, so be untited. If one had only traveled to sait a lander Italy in search of it, he would go enzy with repaire; but, as it is only American, I suppose it can not be compared. I think I shall like this way of living very much, Mrs. Margins; and, if you and Myrtle like it as well as I, I think we shall get along admirably."

"Not by 'Il complain of you, if they don't," said his househope. "You must fiel c'en a'most as if you was the father of that child; and a beauty she be, poor thing! She's no most tradiction in thing. The ladies at the tavern made her planty of clades, and I've only to take care of them. Did you say you had never been married, Mr. Fieldin'?"

" Never, to my knowledge."

"It in that's cur'as! Such a likely man too."

"I support that I ought to be married," was the light reply; "I st, with you to attend to my comfort, and this little creatured for the bound of r. I think I must get exeas d."

"Dil y a ever meet with a disappintment?" asked Mrs. Muggins.

Till and I had down sallenly into his cup and

( i.... ladiri glista.

"Pilig" he answered. "What if I had?"

"N didit, only I don't think you desired it. I guesel as not have hard you a play in' on that the after supper-it sounded so heart-broken like."

"Quient confinent to my playing; but I as ure you I make it is in the heart of the first heart of the last of the

Sample, having their this tea, he tack Myrtle in his

arms, and went and sat in the deer of his own room.

"The did not be even a feel who chested him," murin relative it hely, as she washed up the tea-things; "but as like as not she died."

In the man time, Hagh set holding the child on his kneed that the man time, Hagh set holding to been her to say a men to be a line in her dark eyes of a peculiar, smiling a line of the grand into the eyes

of an older Myrtle whom he had tried to banish from his thoughts for five long years:

"But still her footsteps in the passage,
Her blushes at the door,
Her timid words of maiden welcome
Come back to him once more."

The spell of memory was irresistible. He looked carnestly into the face of the child, covered her forehead with kisses, and, drawing her golden head to his bosom, sang her softly to sleep, while he abandoned himself to the past, which returned to him as if it were of yesterday. Again Myrtle Vail, the girl of eighteen, stood before him, the blush upon her fair check creeping down upon the snowy neck until it lost itself in the shadow of her brown tresses, while her head was slightly bent, and her red lip trembled as she said the word which a sured him that he had not bestowed his passionate, but pure and carnest a limitation in vain. Again he felt the trembling of the hand he had ventured to prison in his own, and again he won the timid but soulful glance of those sweet eyes as he tempted them to search his.

Again he endured the bitter sorrow of parting with her, as necessary business called him to Europe for a space of nearly two years; and again he endured the far bitterer agony of a return just in time to see her give her hand to a man in every way his inferior—younger, handsomer, perhaps, in an effentinate beauty, but vain, immature, carelessly educated, untit to call forth the riches of the spirit which he had dreamed floated beneath the service in Myrtle's gentle character. Again he saw the pallor overspread her face, as, looking up, after pronouncing the vows which made her recreant to him, she must his eyes, and thus knew, for the first time, that he had returned.

Here he roused himself from his thoughts. He cared not to trace his abrupt departure from that place and his subsequent restless wanderings.

"Here I shall find peace, if not happiness," he murmured. His own voice called him back to the present. Myrtle was asleep upon his breast, and the night air was blowing almost too chilly upon her.

# CHAPTER III.

# MR. FIELDING'S HABITS AND VISITORS.

Jenan's gard, which sprang up and flourished in a night, was rivaled by the city of Wakwaka. Every time Mr. Pielding went to town he was surprised by the improvements so rapidly made. Ballling materials could not be furnished in the abin lines required; and, while good-looking brick stores were going up, and the solid stone foundation for a fine court-house boing laid, cloth houses were still the fashion, and considered very cool and airy summer residences by the most aristocratic.

Foresight was preparing, however, for the winter, as fast as him're all he chained, or chy turned into brick, residences in resultantial. It was wenderful how the future prospect of chair, parhaps publical, mansions, upon the wide and beautifully situated lots they occupied, reconciled delicate ladies, who had one is an extremely fastilious, to brave the horrors of canvas and two rooms and all the hardships of a new settlement. Not such hardships as the sturdy pioneers endure who had be will rues; and cause it to blessom like a rice; for Walawaha was in daily communication with one of the grout art ris of travel of the country, and there was no point of for or lengthess, nor privation of any luxuries, except the of chair training and spacious abodes.

White he is the plant their little trials, or con loled with each circular the absence of accustomed comforts.

And still, attract I by the growing fame of the new city, almost research harrying in from every boat: men of broken-down forms; youths of courage and energy, too hopeful and figure await the slower chances of an old-settled country; since also by rich speculators; and many hardy sons of toil, which has a linear top the houtiful prairie-hard and turned it in-

to productive farms without cost or labor more than they would have had to give to cultivated land in most places.

All this hurry, and growth, and strangeness, and joyful expectations produce I an excitement unknown and unappreciated where the crust of selfishness and conventionality has hardened. Men were met with hearty grasps of the hand, which gave their hearts as much cheer as it gave their fingers pain. Not that human nature was acted upon by the beautiful influences of Wakwaka to become otherwise than as it always is; selfishness was rampant, no doubt, in many minds, shrewd, cool, and calculating; but large prospects of rapid grins and the absence of old-time formalities had, for a season at least, expanded the hearts of her people.

And it can not be said but that a constant reminder of the lavish generosity and beauty of nature—silently spoken by her blooming prairies rolling one after another into almost infinite distance, her woo l-crowned hills, and free, magnificent waters—had some effect upon the souls of those who enjoyed this profusion of her riches.

September, October, and November drifted by in a long, unbroken shower of golden sunshine, giving the new settlers good time to prepare for winter.

Mr. Fielding was not altogether idle during that time. He had his canvas house bourded up, and many little comforts added to it; and sent East for a store of books with which to beguile the winter evenings.

Hunting and fishing were his principal occupations.

Such serene enjoyment had not been his for several years as through that glorious autumn. He was a lover of the beautiful in nature as well as in art. While his physical powers were exercised and invigorated by his out-of-doors life, his spiritual nature was fed with the very honey of existence. Cloudless skies, serene and deep, hung over water and lend; rich purple mists hung at morning around the horizon, but at mid-day it was changed to a belt of gold; every few days the prairies changed their hues, now gorgeous with crims on, and anon with yellow, and again with searlet flowers. It was not so much to startle the partridge out of the long grass, or to chase the deer to the cover of the wood, that he slung his gun upon his shoulder, although he kept the hour well supplied

with the cl. least game, as it was to be out alone in the milst of t unlikes and ever-varying beauty, free to dream and to their, while the athing in life of body and liberty of soul.

Sometimes his execursions were several days in length; but a your ingular the sweet smile and prattle of little Myrtle always by the him home soner than he had anticipated.

Her j y us cry, as she bounded to his arms, was his reward; and he fully him yet the declaration of Mrs. Maggins that the

cill tal vales "publicand pined" in his absence.

She had beened to cell him "papa;" and Mr. Fielding and the slavely labered in his solitule while funcying the astroishment of his file als in various parts of the world—who had given him up as an incorrigible bachelor, which he into had said to remain—could they have a peop at him in his call, with his clibbally housekeeper and his adopted daughter. But he was happier than he had been in their frivolous society.

Principles, glaming in the distance, and sweeping near, in minating the nights with fitted radiance, began to be a feature of the samp, after the November frosts had parched

the grass to the like a seef a rustling sea of jasper.

Mr. Filling had an inregination which was not proof colors spin her and novelty combined; and, upon one occasion, who had he by night from him wan bring over a hill with his run in his hand, and one of these three sprang from a listent word and run over the prairie until extinguished by one; with the lower edge of the lake, he was guilty of some lines like these:—

# THE RED HUNTERS.

Over that level racing-course—
Oh, what a strife was there!
What a shouting! what a threatening cry!
What a murmur upon the air!

Their garments over the glowing wheels
Stream'd backward red and far.
They floated their purple banners
In the face of each pale star.

Under their tread the autumn flowers

By millions withering lay;

Poor things that from those golden wheels

Could nowhere shrink away!

Close and crashing together

The envious chariots roll'd;

While anon, before his fellows

Leap'd out some hunter bold.

Their black hair, thick and lowering
Above their wild eyes hung,
And about their frowning forcheads
Like wreaths of nightshade clung.
"The bisons, lo, the bisons!"
They cried and answer'd back.
The frighten'd creatures stood aghast
To see them on their track.

With a weary, lumbering swiftness
They seek the river's side,
Driven by those hunters from their sleep
Into its chilling tide.
Some face the foe, with anguish
Dilating their mute eyes,
Till the spears of silver strike them low,
And dead each suppliant lies.

Naw, by the brightening river,
The roll hunters stand at bay—
Vain their appalling splendor—
The water shaelds their prev.
Into its waves with baffled rage
They leap in death's despite—
The golden wheels roll roaring in,
Leaving the wither'd night.

While Mr. Fielding was copying this effasion the next afternoon, some ladies called to see him; or rather they said they had come to see Myrtle; but, when young women walk two miles to call at a house where there is a pretty child and a rich and handsome old bachelor, people are at liberty to draw their own conclusions as to which is the greater attraction. For app arance's sake, however, they praised and petted the little creature, who was pleasing enough to give a coloring to all their admiration; and did not fail to pay compliments to Mrs. Muggins for the way in which she took care of her.

S me bon' ms and cak s they had for her, too, which delighted her at the time, and made her ill afterward.

It is a strange flet, that when a gentleman seems to shun their society, and especially with a shade of melancholy about his uns relations, the laties are certain to be infatuated with Lim; and siz zeres. Whether this arises from sympathy, or a wish to prove one's own attractions and powers upon so in lifterent a subject, or from the interest which always clings to any thing mysterious, or from all three combined, who shall Say? These four young women could any of them have been surrounded by admirers, and each had her choice out of two or three, with at troubling herself to walk out to Mr. Fielding's upon the small chance of attracting his attention. For, as yet, the men were largely in advance, in point of numbers, of the famile population of Wakwaka; and, what was better, they were all realy, or marly ready, to provide for a wife; and thus the girls were in no danger of that forlorn fate which s m that evertakes spinsters in the older States, where the chan sir gatting a living are fower, and from whence all the cut malaing young man a have gone West.

It may have a the beauty of the afternoon and the beauty

of the buly, after all, which bel them so far.

"I am sof all of children; and this is such a seat little thing!" oriel Miss Minnie Gregos, looking up to the gentleman children; and then hissing pretty Myrtle so suggestively; after which, shot so all back her jetty ringlets, and looked up again for sympathy.

Mr. Phillips smill I into her savey black eyes. He could

n the pulmiliar the wils which he und retool.

mask is very lovely in all remarks," he said, "and becomes me har har all the time. I used to think children were has a state of the chance which threw this one is har puth. She has become my morning star."

in the line in the character than that of Mrs. Muggins?"

and Mis Distink shall and thy, in too low a tone for the

land of the "Some one who will take the place

of the the land thing—whose I desand tones would—"

"Results the effect from friend, Mis Bluebird," broke in

Hinnie Grand, with the gravity of the wicke lest mischief.

"How can you! I declare! I shall be offended with you," cried that lady, I hashing, while the others laughed.

Hugh did not laugh: some stern thought's eined to have crossed his genial humer. "No, Miss Bluebird," he answered, almost severely, "I want no influences except those of nature, and of music, and well-chosen books about this child, with such sentiments of truth and fidelity, purity and carnestness of heart, as I can instill into her. She shall be raised outside of society. She shall not be taught vanity and artifice; and then, if she fails in being what I desire, I shall believe that Mother Eve never entirely deserts her children."

For a few moments he was rather taciturn. Miss Minnie rallied from a remark she was afraid was intended as rather personal, and changed the subject.

"Have you heard the news, Mr. Fielding? You have not! You know those horrible Indians that we have all been so afraid of?"

"We?" inquired a fearless-looking girl, who was evillently really for almost any kind of an impromptu a lyenture.

"Well, everybody else but you, then—even the men. We are going to have a regiment stationed near us this winter to keep the Indians at a distance. Just think of it—won't it be delightful? The officers will be apt to be such pleasant men, you know. And we shall have balls, of course."

"I had been teazing mother to send me back to our old home for the winter, until I heard of this," said the other girl of the group; "but now I am quite content to stay."

"I wonder why it is that the girls always have such a parsion for an epaulet on a man's shoulder," said Mr. Pielling, recovering his equanimity. "The glitter of an officer's in ignia will make any man irresistible."

"Because we like our opposites; and a kliers are supposite to be brave as we are weak. We like to be defended," said Miss Bluebird.

"I do not like officers half as well as firmers or hunters," sail the brave Miss Thomas, with a saucy glance at Hugh.

"By the way," sad knly exclaimed Minnie Greezs, "I had almost formation to tell you what Lieuten art S rl s related to me, last evening, about a party who were taken by the In II as. I was telling him about you and little Myrtle. You know the

my who will the life in her never found any traces of the savers. But the life and says that about that that and all a a party of the Indians was known to have make a descripting of the life of a prairie. The halpless families were not dramber of any danger, for the savages had not been traced as a long time, and they supposed their nearness to a sord and two softs in the wagens, and drove off with the main and children until they reached the cover of a dap for the whole halp in the warens, and trying the women to the unit also hard I then off to some secret retreat of theirs for any for a hard. The child may have been thrown with as hard in the cover of a party in the women to the unit of the cover of the may for a hard. The child may have been thrown with as hard in the cover of a party in the mother in attempting to effect her own escape."

"Were the number of the unfortunate persons known?"

and I Mr. Fill Hag, with great interest.

"The client of the two men was called Parker, I believe, as an it is in the last till gettle y stepped at. The other was Survey beautiful."

"Great Heaven!"

Held but term the public doubt, and make upon his chair.
"Dily a last with m F and I all, in a startled ton.

"I am quite sur they are the sum q" he sail, after some time of circle of silence. "Pour Myrth, I'm it we I named the of circle I had we I give the thy methods name?"

"What is the list must think has been of the famile

"Majoria has been acressed. An Indian has been the land of the street they were much red when it was a little of the state of the act by away."

"Character at the religion to his a count. There is

no doubt that the awful story is true."

"If request Hereigh then art doubly my own," silling he had been able to the historias. He was evil ntly and in his properties derelant of the historian had been also been also

Hart. Mr. Palifier all rel that night will be known to

Wakwaka and sought out the officer who had communicated the story to Miss Grers. The substance of the story was corroborated by him; but he said he doubted if the name of the younger couple was Sherwood. He had been told since that it was Smith.

But there was something in Myrtle's eyes which convinced him that she was the child of the Myrtle whom once he had thought to call his own. Her fals hood was forgotten now only her fearful and untimely fate was thought of.

To make a surrance doubly sure, he wrote back to the East to her friends to inquire if she and her husband had emigrated to the West, and learned, in a mournful letter from a relative, that they had started for that very city of Wakwaka, and had not been heard from since.

Mr. Fielding did not tell them that he had a child supposed to be the daughter of Myrtle. As the father and mother of the young wife were neither of them living, he thought he had as good a claim to her as any one now left; and he felt that he could not resign her, at least for the present. Besides, he had the benefit of a doubt as to whether they had really any claims to this mysterious Child of the Prairie.

# CHAPTER IV

# MYRTLE FIELDING'S EDUCATION.

Winnin came for the first time upon the city of Wakwaku. The lake was ire an; the little stam r was safe at her mooring, hil up fr the sam; the everlasting sound of the putting the communication with ctl. r person the world was cut off, save by wagon conv yance; the daily mail became a weekly one; and the citi-The all special research to talk about wild land and city improved and turned to considering the prospect of a ruler all which should connect them with the East, and be

feasible all the year round.

Rallrade dations could not engross their minds entirely, and in the leisure hours they were ready for any kind of Tapely which could be improvised. The young girls talked al at the firt and the officers through the day, and drestd ir ir iles in the evening. They had sleigh-rides and sur-Iti of this, and wellings were not entirely wanting. Hvery we it the villat at the new brick hetel, the Wakwalia II : The in tarist gratic attended these dances (of course the just and and the range, the was not as yet clearly did to tend delibly invited with the sharp palines of or in the restantion from all respectable persons In mi; while a man all spirit of freshness and vivacity pre-The line in the self delines sources of merriment, and .... In reral plante than all the balls that Mrs. Peti-THE END DIV.

If the girls showed to decided a partiality for efficers' uniin the years city to any hore it with commendable indifilr . , and i in the ir hermies revenges all in good time.

Mr. Filling was the gentlemin per conflicted, however: that, he was him is mus; seem!, he was rich; third, he was received; fourth, malanchely; fifth, mysterious; sixth, he was not a murriag man—six good reasons why he should be sught after. He was not perfect, although the ladies called him so; and therefore he must be excused for the small portion of his sex's variety which he inherited, which made him not insensible to the curieslty he piqued and the favorable impressions he made. This consciousness upon the part of the men is very detestable, and exists usually with no good grounds to found it upon; but in his case there was much to command attention, and he really received it with dignity, and nourished his self-complacency but very little upon it.

He could not have been called a gloomy man; and perhaps even the melancholy the ladies invested him with was half in their imaginations; though certainly during the first of the season there was the pallor of suppressed sorrow upon his brow. But his nature was a mingling of sunny geniality with a deep reserve; the warmth breaking out when subjects of common interest, such as music, beauty, or art, were being discussed, and the reserve following upon any reference to

himself personally.

The life he now lived suited him well. He had the advantrans of solitude and society both. When in town, he was I thel and note a favorite; when out in his own little cabin, he was away from the world of action as completely as if beri I in the cell of a hermit. He would have pinel fr the thin's which make a city calurable to a gitted mindrich mucic, cloriers pictures, works of ert and luxury; but, i'r the present, mature was all there and mare to a mind saiat I with too much living. And then the novely of playing I ther to a little girl! It was a very pleasant family circle, that of his home. Mrs. Muzzins was as tily as she was tailertive; though he had a way of checking an excess of the latter virtue when it because wearis me. She kept little Myrth as i. ..t and heatiful as a lily, so that the fastilies bedelor could call her to his knee without there of offence from sile! face or s helperments. The child was more than the amagment of his ille hours. He took alm st a mother's inter t in the unillimy of the perchaser of her soul, the new devel pin ats of her mind, and the repid expandent of her physical powers. And, while he delichted to teach her, she also taught lim-many lowers of guilder faith, and the simplicity of it normal, and the locally sof nature as Gol male it in its freshness.

So, with to his and his thate, hunting, and his visits to town, the which passed by. He shod up as groomsman at the welling of pretty Minnie Greggs with the young lieutenand Miss Bir ird avowed that he seemed preyed upon by e rigilidiring the evening; but no one else felt assurel citi; and she call not win him to unbosom his concealed and it is southich, "like a worm i' the bul," follon his Lart-to her sympathy. So, out of revenge, she shortly after n. .rri la dry- is in r hant, who, at this present writing, is spilen d'as case if the fembers of Wakwaka, and who has retirel to a recile or upon the banks of the lake, a ljoining Mr. Pilling's three him irel acres, and who can count hims If wetth two hundred the usand in Wakwaka railroad stock, and the lander I the named in town lots, besides his pretty villa and grounds where he resides.

The sping com, and other summers and winters passed, and said Hagh Palanglivel in his cabin, hunted, fished, read, dr..... i. i. ii. i. i. i. i. i. and samed to change in nothing, for the just a like it is a him. He was content to be a kind ciu nir to his night re, and to do as he pleased. The cif new and thrive! apace; and, as the banks of the lake i are the need with I attiful residences, many a glitted in large trans half cont to induce him to part with his 1. ci .. iii Ilin.l. But he was not to be temptel. Not an ar wall har part with. "Said some. "Holding callenger of No eye for banty -i., t. .. Al wind an Illia to run will! I wish I la lit, " said to any a wealthy para a ef caldivated i leas, who coveted his possessions.

Deile of all he had his own way about it. He did not .... " har to blant a i. I have design; timber taken off, and : ... i acall legis legis clear for the strawberries :..lw.ir s.un.l the un.lulruch chereltrom a grove of chia and having which in the land the water's edge at

one picturesque point

There was only ano ler ream telled to his callin, which to a made manage by the contambility of he is, pictures,

and the like, which he often sent East for. This new room, out of respect for Myrtle, was prettily carpeted, and had a little rocking-chair, and flower-stand, and some other handsome things in it. In the mean time, while the city was growing large, and Mrs. Muggins growing old, and every thing advancing or retarding, of course little Myrtle did not stand still. A will-o'-the-wisp or a butterfly would have stood still sooner than she. She grew in size, in health, and in beauty. The nature which threatened at first too great a degree of sensitiveness and fear, hardened and grew fearless in the fresh air and unrestrained life of her country home. In the warm weather, she, like her "papa," almost lived out-ofdoors. She would ramble hours by his side, and then curl down and sleep with her head on his knee, while he read or dreamed beneath the shade of a tree or down by the water's edge on a cool shadowed rock. He taught her the name and character of all the flowers of the field and trees of the forest, so that at six years of age she was a miniature botany, bound, as it were, in rose leaves. He taught her, too, of the rocks, and sands, and waters, so that, as her mind grew, every thin r. however humble, had an interest to her, and the earth was a great "curiosity-shop," much more strange and delightful. more absorbing to her fancy than the gaudy shops of the towns in which children are taught what to covet and admire.

One favorite place she had for spending her time when Hugh was away: a kind of fairy bower, made by an elm whose branches upon one side held up a beautiful wild flow-cring vine, while upon the other was a rose-bush always in blossom through the long summer. The open front looked upon the lake, and a moss-covered stone made a cushioned sent fit for a queen. The grass about it was clean, fine, and short, and full of violets.

She never went to school; but was sometimes taken to town to visit with other children, and had, in return, youthdal

guests come to see her in the pleasant weather.

But she was clucated, even in book education. Hugh patiently taught her her alphabit and to read. After that it was only necessary for her to know that he desired her to study any book he put into her hands, and her love gave the impulse which made acquirement easy.

Thus time clided on for nine years. Nine years!—a long time; and Mrs. Muggins was growing older and feebler all this time; and one day she was taken sick, and soon she died. Myrtle grieved herself ill, and Mr. Fielding did not disdain to drop a tear upon her humble grave, for she had been a faithful servant and very kind to his darling little girl.

He was a light to be his own housekeeper for some time, if ranother Mrs. Muggins was not easily to be found. When she saw him feesing about in a man's awkward way, little Mysth's wemenly instincts were aroused, and she put away her at first overwhelming grief to try and aid him. The well hat have believed those slender little hands could do so her he she could lay the cloth, and sweep, dust, and brush; the lift of pur out tea; and his room she took pride in keeping in exquisite order.

He lived to watch her flitting about like a fairy put to circling to ske, her fet moving as if to some inward music, and her gell a hair encircling her in a halo of mystic brighters. The careful gravity, the pretty air of business newly put on, were bewitching to him.

"Well, Myrth, I think I had better not get anybody to help us: you make such a nice little maid," he would say.

"I like to help you very much, papa; but what will you do when it comes washing, ironing, and churning days?"

we, daughter?" We are not equal to all emergencies, are

So, in course of time, a woman was found to take the place of the depart. She was not of as quiet and nice a mold as the left and respected Mrs. Murgins. Mr. Pickling did to the left to profibe at his table; and so little la ly Myrtle had a result up her place at the head of the tea-things.

All is did not go on as systematically as of old. Many line takes fell to the child which Mrs. Maggins used to pain run; but, happly, she liked them.

If the pleasant rentine of his monotonous life that he cisille I the therefore it its being in any manner disturbed. But a change came.

# CHAPTER V.

### MRS. JONES'S NEPHEW.

Mr. Fielding received word which made it absolutely indispensable that he should go East and attend to his long-neglected interests there. What to do with Myrtle he did not know. He could not take her with him, for he had never hinted to his friends of his adoption of the little girl; and, besides, he had so much to do and so many places to visit. He dreaded the effect of the separation upon her, for he was her only friend; and he knew that she would feel very desolute without him. He could have her boarded, of course; but he did not wish to trust her in any common hands, for he expected to be away a year. Finally, he concluded to ask the child's advice.

"Oh, papa, take me with you! take me with you!" was at first her passionate cry; but, when she found that that could not very well be, she sail: "Why not put me in the seminary, papa, where all the little girls in Wakwaka are sent? I shall it so unhappy, I know; but my studies will be some comfort; and I should like to learn music, so as to play for you when you come back."

that many young halfes bearned more lessons in dissimulation, extrave cince, envy, affectation, and example attends in timent, then they did in any thing useful. He knew the principal of the Wakwaka school, however, and liked her well as a woman of character and high moral purposs. He trusted greatly, too, to Myrch's intense love of nature, and to the influence of her early years, to do not her from the flivolities he so dreads her

In a f w weeks, his arrangements were all complited; and one spring in mining he left his little. Myrtle, weeping incomplabily in the arms of Mrs. Dennison, her new protector.

"She must have all that is necessary to enable her to ap-

pear as well as their stof your pupils: there will be no trouble at all the III's Mrs. Dennison. And every accomplishment is which she was to have a liking she must have the means of acquiring. If she has any peculiar taste or talents, let then develop under your judicious care, and I shall be fully satisful with what you do not her. Love her, if you can; and I have you will, for she is a tender flower, and will wither if left too solitary."

Mr. Il line's voice tremil I a little as he uttered the last sent not; and he his door Myrtle hastily, for fear the lady we all so that the upon his check. The next instant he was a me; and Myrtle was let to begin her new course of life.

It was notify days to foresthere was much color in her cheek, or light in her eye; and her kind guardian did not put her immediately into the school routine.

Library at his mass showers, her spirit expanded in the conficient of all time; and, as she was sweet, unoff a ling, built in and the probable heir sof the rich Mr. Fielding, copy at his a was shower buy as her until the smiles were a limit to her dark, business eys, and the roses to her cheeks.

The model and the of unexpect I knowledge prosolved for a profit constant has Dennison, while her
ignored of solved the "first branches" was equally surprisingular to the continue. Go maply and promise were unknown to
the continue to the first that I from he quote provade to
the first proton with I cuit'd employs, and tell more
that they, cruit I by, while I g, then the most altime for the least Bolles this should many quaint
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many beautiful presents, which, at first, she was too happy to regard. They went out and spent two or three weeks at the cabin, in the old way, cooking their own meals, and rambling about the country most of the time.

Myrtle's joy was sadly discomfitted by learning that Mr. Fielding had escaped from the East only long enough to make her a visit, and that he was going back for a long, long time, as soon as her school opened. It made every moment she spent with him still dearer. It sounded like a belt tolling at a funeral when she was summoned back to her studies.

Events shaped themselves so unexpectelly with Mr. Fielding, a journey to France being among them, and a long stay in that country to settle an estate coming to him from his mother, that he did not return to Wakwaka, after the first visit, for four years.

In those four years Myrtle Fielding had grown into maiden-hood—she was little Myrtle no longer. The most lovely and beloved of the pupils at the seminary, distinguished for grace of manner and purity of soul, the pride of her guardian upon all occasions of public display, and the beauty of the school, she still pined, in longlines of heart, for some one to belong to, some one who would call her daughter, and receive the lavious affection of her heart, which now continually wasted itself in the study of vain regret. Such possionate, tear-bedewed letters as she addressed to her adopted father would certainly have called him to her side, had it been in his power to leave the interests which bound him where he was.

It was a very dance rous state for a young help's heart to be in, this craving after love and confidence. Such stores of affection, lying ready to be given away, would be very apt to find somebody to ask for them; and, if their proper owner did not appear in due time, a me interloper might receive what had been accumulating for his benefit. Of this dancer, Myrthe hers If was most profoundly ignorant; and Mrs. Dennison, will and experienced as she was, had never given it a thought. Mrs. Dennison's young laties were supported to be beyond the reach of human weakness.

Ah, Huch Filling! High Fielding! where art then while this fair child of thy all them is blushing and bluoming into her sixteenth summer? Hest then no presentiments?

One Saturlay in May, Myrthe had permission to go out to ther home," as she still called Mr. Fielding's place. A man and his wife had been put in the cabin to keep things in order; and, whenever the young mistress chose to go out and spend her holl by randling through her old haunts, she was sure of a good dinner and a warm welcome from them.

It was a delicated day, and, as she passed along, her guiter in her hand, her heart exulted in youthful fullness of life. A young Lily with a guitar is always romantic, as mallers of thirty-five who bend gracefully over the blue-will mall instruments in their boundoirs are certain to know—and or young Lily was none the less romantic for being totally unavery of it. She, happy and beautiful, thought nothing of effect, but strolled along, enjoying the freedom from a Lill, and thinking of that long looked-for, long hoped-for the rule in she was now expecting home in a very few we had. Then she was to have school, and they were to live together, and be happy, as of old.

Thinking of all this, Myrtle could hardly wait until she got beyond the classes which stretched for a mile along Little street, her may be anyety burst forth in singing; and she went car ling along the bards who

warbled in every tree.

Arriving at her destination, she just stepped in the house to give the woman "the naws," and invite herself to dinner, at 1 thin flatter leat into the sunshine again, to spend the day, like the butteriles and thowers, in aimbes pleasure.

All an and it is to place a more critical audience, she having real tars of in a leady bower which commanded her fine the view of the lake, and began tuning her guitar for the birds of ris of meledy; and then she began to its in which her fingers tinkled over the strikes in which had pure as her own young soul, silvery as the ris of the hand pure as her own young soul, silvery as the ris of the late of the heathed, which is and she sung now as she never could have does in parts of at wealth bions." All the sweets thrusic with his parts to her without effort; it appoined to have the late of the late of the late of the late, and the late of the lat

The died in the light over her lovingly; her cheeks

thished with the joy of her own singing; she made such a picture as young poets dream about but seldom realize.

Is it any wender, then, that a certain youth, poet and artist both, who happened in that vicinity at this auspicious hour, should have felt as if he had intruded into Paradise, and held him breathless in tremulous pleasure and surprise?

It would seem that he had come forth double-armed against unsuspection. Nature, for a pencil and slip of fool-cap stuck out of his coat-pocket, and a portfolio of drawing materials was in his hand; but all thoughts of using either were ban-ished, and he leaned against the trunk of an oak, not very far away from the singer, scarcely knowing whether he really saw and heard, or whether his rancy had bewitched him into some ancient had of gold see, or some unsubstantial Eden out of which he could never more find his way.

Ah! he had in head blundered into an Eden out of which he should never, never more go forth with free footsteps. But he did not know it yet.

So the young girl surg and sung for his pleasure, as well as that of the birds, until she fairly wear id herself out. Her guitar slid down into the grass, and she flung back her hair, with an exclamation:

" Oh, der! Im hungry! I wer ler if it is dinner-time?"

It was a very unchil speech to make at that enticing period when the youth was just looking to see her fly away in a golden cloud—it convinced him that she was of the earth, earthy, and gave him interest ratisfaction.

At that moment she detected him, and knew by his black that he had been listening.

"The impudent fellow," she murmured—as if he were to blame.

Affection not to see him, she gathered up her bonnet and guitar and retreated to the house.

"Wad," said Mrs. Jones, as she made her appearance, "your walk and the dumplins are done at the same time. Dimer is just really: I'll ring the bell for the men, and we'll set down."

Then a! Myrthehal never known of but one man about the primites; and, as there was no farming to be done, she could not encough the use for another. Sure enough, the

tillers so for four. She asked no questions, but which in the same as to diamer to gradily her containty in duction. Mr. J. as come in presently, and shook hands with her a contain his community in heplay to find her flourishin!"

"When's John?" asked the wife, as they drew their chairs

to the table.

platter of fried trout.

camp-stool down in a corner.

"My night w. J. Da Jon S. Mis. Fieldin'."

Myr is made her cell to me top early how. Nevertheless, the decrease it the side of his tellint of a michievous twinkle about the eyes of her to be quaintance, which the polite gravity of the rest of his center men belied.

He sat down to dinner.

"Y live lean a strelling round, too, hain't you, John?" and Mrs. Johns, as she handed him his coffee. "Did you and Miss I'l liln' see each other when you was out? I reckoned you'd meet."

"I saw Miss Philling," returned the young man, "but I

can not say whether she saw me or not."

Myriin made no reply, being occupied with her fish.

"Year both of you such a love for rambling about and takin' liken as so you explicit to be acquainted. Two artists, as you call your lyes, at my table, I share I ought to feel proud."

There was just the slightest heardity motion to Myrtle's leaders to be a like the production of the with leaders to be a little innate aristocracy; but the result that the speaker, and kept her a little in the speaker, and kept her and all the leaders to be a little in the little in the little in the leaders to be a little in the little in the leaders to be a little in the little in the little in the little in the leaders to be a little in the little in the little in the leaders to be a little in the leaders to be a little in the little in th

In a label with the label har huband, testily. "If the testily has been thin ways of trying to make an and of the proud of

I've e'en-a'most give up all hope. If he'd quit pencils and such little patterin' trash, and take to lawyerin' or farmin', he'd suit me better. Not that I mean to be harsh," he added, in a softer tone; "and not but makin' picters is pretty work for young gals."

Myrtle caught the young gentleman's eye, as old Mr. Jones concluded his speech, and laughed outright in her sweet,

merry way.

"Do not make any apologies for being severe upon us," she said. "We know it's the fishion of the world to think there is common sense, as they call it, in nothing but in making money; so we do not expect sympathy."

"True!" responded the nephew, emphatically; and he and the heautiful gill opposite him began to feel more

friendly.

"Waal, how are we to get along without money, I'd like to know?" asked Mr. Jones, senior, but in that gentle tone which he always used in speaking to Myrtle.

"Oh, don't ask me!" cried she; "I know nothing about it —I have never thought. I suppose papa farnishes me with what I want; and so I have not been obliged to ask.".

"About as much as women usually know!" growled her

questioner, with a laugh.

A general gool-humor prevailed at the close of the meal, after which Mr. Jones took his nephew off to look at the cattle, which gave the aunt an opportunity of telling all all out him—what a "likely" boy he was, and what great idees he had got in his head, but how molest and good-humored he was, for all—that he was her favori'e, and she'd asked him to come and stay with them as long as he liked—that he "writ verses," and "took profiles,"—and wouldn't Myrtle I t him take hers for them,—they'd set great store by it, etc.; to all which Myrtle listened with keen interest, while her eyes kept wan lering to the win low boking for the return of the object of their talk. And when his bright face and black curls thashed past, her heart give a little bound, she knew net wherefore.

To please the kind of I weren she allowed him to sketch her in crayon, and then she had to sing some of her helist metalies for old Mr. Jones, and then-Mr. Jones, Jr., asked

her to walk out, and show him some of the pretty bits of

scenery in the neighborhood.

And, if John Jones could hardly appreciate the beauty of the spot, as pointed out to him by the excited young creature hardly a limit of the clustering glory of her hair, the field as Leveliness of her features, and the expression of infinition into a model lighted with brilliancy of soul which rather it in a holy attractive, it must likewise be confessed that Myrica create hers if at many a stolen glance at the first of the Light-spirital, interesting boy.

The next Sear Lay, Myrth: went again to "her home," and every Sear Lay here forth for weeks. This was always her custom in first to we ther; and Mrs. Dennison must not be blanch. Call she have dreamed that the people at the call a half a nephew? or that her fastidious scholar could have to a placed with an unknown John Jones? or that the sail John was an artist, and a very handsome, polite and

fascinating boy?

A zellen mist have over Myrtle's studies, obscuring their menting in a hare of splender. Perhaps the reason of her greater is tarling happiness, her unwonted moods of reveries, her astemptically tarlilling anticipations, was that she was soon to so her father. This did indeed take up a large portion of her they has each she had all forward to the meeting with the interior of a fear years' old anticipation.

One Same Ly she was no longer left to doubt the full meaning of her late email as. In the bower beneath the cha, in an unique of an emat of impossioned feeling, her boy-lover had smill at her form and she had smill dupon his avowal.

She like the fit he had position—if he had wealth—if he is in a distance of her lover was worthy of her—if he had in the duy; for when did a young girl, for the live in his had a positions?

Marie is a less fully in the truth and worthiness of her less is the in her own exist nee. She keet her father will have a less in the mean time, she waited for him

in ardent expectation.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### MR. FIELDING RETURNS HOME.

Again Mr. Fielding stood upon the eminence from which he first looked down upon Wakwaka. Below him lay a city of twenty thousand inhabitants; and on either side were gardens gorgeous with cultivated flowers, tree-shadowed avenues, tine mansions, and a costly, fashionable church. Beyon I was the prairie upon which he had picked up the stray waif which had since become the "light of his eyes," the delight of his existence—something to love, to plan for, to make happy. That prairie waved with will-grass and unnamed blossoms no longer: it was checkered with fields of green corn and wheat just gilded with the June sun; and a railroad passed in a straight, shining line across its bosom. While he lingered and looked, the iron horse came shricking and panting along it, in place of the majestic wild steeds which once swept in their might through the long and ru-tling grass.

Thoughts of the part and present stirred strangely tender emotions in Hugh's breast. He remembered the little creature he had held so closely to him as he rode over the hills; he remembered the tragic fate of her mother, that be estical woman who, alone of all the women in the world, had howed down his heart, and whose weakness or whose falsoness had poisoned all of his existence for the last twenty years.

Thinking of all this, he hurried on, easer to give this loss of the little Myrtle—for little she still so med to him. He knew her better in memory than in present reality. He had but the coach on the hill, that he might have a better opportunity of observing the character in the town. As he passed on a larger building than she occupied when he left, for her school had grown with the city. He rang, and was the name

lato a reciving reality and his name to Mrs. Denni-

son and his daughter.

He sat waiting in hap that joy, carer to see his child again, win n the directional she glided in. He arose to his feet institution, but the words he was to have spoken were unsaid.

It was all in win that Myrtle had kept telling him in her I is how much that grown, and that she was quite a I was hig, and all that To be sure, he had entertained a first litted har having put up some of her curls and lengthc. Iler ir les a little, and that perlaps she would be a little awkwerl in her tren iti a state from pretty embroidered panthe word "derich in his heart, and another word leaped up. It Was as if the vision of his early munhood-that glorious vision with hel invocated like with such a brightness, only to vanish the lived and the state and pro-tic than before-again lived . .. i ir .: .. ! ! i ro lim. Here was the same slender and r mil 1 mm, clat with health and an unconscious grace, the sale tran hair falling in the lowy mases touched with gold, the similar in the same eyes beaming their luminous sweetness upon him.

" Myrtle!" he murmured.

Sin hair la mant, as if wentering why he dil not en his mas to relive her, and then flew to him, and flung her arms about his neck.

"Filt i in fall " she spitel, with a little burst of pill the intermed the national like theelts a down times, ... i l .. i i r h... l en lis cherlier, herding and wiping are publication of the late of the

are in the state of the state o I - Think Heaven,

though, I am not your father!"

"A: ] to the particle girl?" asked Myrtle, " .. . " () , protest your Myrde!"

H. j. .r. 1 to the listreat, and his her with the Passionate love which was similable in his heart; but he felt that it was it is the man that the line, and so he gave her nene, He has we that her picked them they would shrink from so sudden an expression of feeling, could she be conscious of its nature, and its perceptions of truth were too delicate to permit him to deceive her. But oh, what a sweet hope had flowered into beauty in his soul! Hugh Fielding forgot that he was forty-eight years of age. He was as strong, as handsome, as full of life as ever, and he forgot that he was growing old. He did not ask himself if he was the ideal of a young girl's lover. The surprise was too sudden, too overpowering—he did not as yet even question his own emotions.

"No, Myrtle," he said, "I have not forgotten you—scarcely for an instant. I have been as eager as you for this meeting. But I was so surprised to find you so tall, so beautiful, so much

of a young lady."

Myrtle blushed and laughed.

"Didn't I tell you, papa, that you would be astenished?"

At this moment Mrs. Dennison came in, having paused to arrange her ringlets and put on a new, coquettish little thread-lace cap, with lilies-of-the-valley drooping from its softness, and mingling with her still raven curls.

The beautiful and satisfactory appearance of her pupil had had the desired effect upon Mr. Fielding, for he greeted her with marked pleasure. His joy, his gratitude, tinged his manner with resy warmth; and she being equally gratified, they were a happy trio.

"Would you think, Mrs. Dennison, papt was amazed to find me grown so tall?" cried the young girl. "He im gined

I had stood still for the last four years."

"I suppose he har lly realized that he would have a young lady on his hands, ready to be introduced into the world. Do not you think it a great responsibility, Mr. Fielding?" with a sweet smile.

"Why, yes! certainly; it presents itself to me in a new

light," was the rather hesitating reply.

"()h, p.dp., I assure you I shall not be the least trouble," beight I Myrtle. "I have never teased Mrs. Dennison v. J

much, and I shall tease you still less."

"Your daughter says truly that she was never much trouble to me. She seems more like a child than a pupil. It will be a severe struggle for me to give her up to you. I feel like a mother to her."

" Yea have I en very, very kind," murmured Myrtle, leaving her class of her father's hand to glide over and give her preciars a kis. "But we shall live so near that I can consists year every work, and you can spend the varations with us. Will is t that be pica-ant, papa?"

"Delighted!" he replied; for whatever pleased Myrtle,

pleased him.

Myrtle it if to resign her new-found treasure while he went to his hetel to nil himself of the dust of travel. But he return, it is invitation, to ten, and she had a happy evening. Once Mrs. Dunina sut her from the room for a while upon : me exert, ir, as she told Mr. Fielding, she had an importhat maker to spaked, which her interest in the dear child

prompted should be said.

"Yea know," sile sail, in this confidential communication, "that Myrthe is no longer a child. She has graduated with the first he mers of my sole I, and must now take her place in Fig. Mr. Flelling. Sherequires a tenede friend and Circprince and invite to resite with you for that purp se. I wish that Myrde had a in ther; but, as that can not be, I think it well for you to think of what I have suggested; and more especially, as you armenight and it if the rest because you think of her as fondly and tenderly-"

"I do," interrupted her listener.

"As if she were your own child; yet the read-since we live in the wrill, Mr. Fielling, we must regard its dictates."

Herin was really much obliged to the haly for what she had sultant lint to He cante I that, since he had seen Myrthe single of this difficulty fart dawned dimly upon his mind, but he had not yet had time to reflect upon it. If Mrs. Dinie a we will ensent, he should leave her pupil with her a i'w we ie, until s in carrangements could be made.

This plan placed her very much. She would have an op-I remain it ingree ing upon him deeply the necessity of a

1. il. r i'r Myrth.

In the men time, as the object of this discussion came gilling in 1 or realist the lasty back into the room, Hugh smiled at his interest the aght of how little Mrs. Dennison knew of his real purpose, of how little she suspected the case with

which he could take upon himself the office of protector. Thus do people offentimes work at cross-purposes.

Myrtle sang and played, bewitching the heart of her backclor guardian more and more; and when at last she his d him good-night, and he went to his dreams, they were more the reserve har of twenty-two than forty-eight.

The next day, he began to display that energy which had not particularly marked his character since the mainspring of hope had been withdrawn. He took Mrs. Dennison and Myrtle out to his place to select a situation for the mansion which he had already partially contracted for. Of course, the elder lady was glad to have a voice in the matter which might hereafter be of importance to her; and she took it as a very favorable symptom that she was asked to make one of the party. Hugh was only acting upon her suggestions that he must have a chaperon for the young girl.

They alighted before the cabin door, where John Jones, the artist, came out and assisted the ladies to alight. Did Hugh mark the blush upon the checks of the young couple? Of course he did not. Never was there a man blinder to truth and fate than he.

After Mr. Fielding had exchanged greetings with the tenants of his house, and been introduced to their nephew, he invited the latter to accompany them, and they start dout entheir search.

The fine, artistic taste of the boy at once attracted Hugh's attention, and he learned that the young man was an artist by profession. It was John himself who, with becoming mobisty, pointed out the spot which he would deem most de irable; and its admirable fitnes striking all the rest of the party, helped to complete the good opinion Mr. Fielding had involuntarily formed of him.

"There is certainly a good deal of genius about that young fellow," he remarked to Myrtle, when John was busy talking about pictures with Mrs. Dennison. "He has a glorious eye—full of fire and frankness."

How the young girl's heart leaped up!—while she made not the least reply. Alas, Hugh thatered himself that that glowing check and drooping eye was an evidence of some gentle emotion for him!

Learning that they ampeartist had made architecture his study, Mr. It bling give him a commission to draw the plan for the property of the line; giving him a summary of what he should like as to size, style, and expense. He was usually a man of procing vision, and but few things escaped his keen approximation; yet, all-alsophed as he was in his own dreams, he did not a tip the expressive plance and stolen pressure of hands with which Myrths and the young man partial. Mrs. Dennion, to, be will not by gorgeous visions of a mansion over which she was to preside, the site for which she had just so a sile of the was deaf, and dumb, and blind to every thing but Mr. Fielding.

So the party drave back to town as contented with each

other as when they started out.

Martle was impute at to get away from the s minary, as sia legirla perally are. She did not know how to wait for the a will in . If it would not have invelved the necessity of driving J in Jones away, she would have wished the cabin in... ly vert !, that they might return to their old, romally with the a that it some it should never get an opportunity of remailing to her fither the weight that was on her heartne nill a significant for so much to make, since she saw L. w le far r l ler byer. When she actually found hers li walking out to the turn all me with Mr. Fielding, her heart began to publicate thinkthally with anticipation. She found that what sires I to say was very hard to put into words, an rail. So they per lenward, Hugh doing most of the "Alain, will they really lower. The sight of the spot where her have held sink upon his knee at her feet impelled her to the trial.

"Dr lider," the ten, in a faltering voice, "I have

wished so much for an opportunity-"

color suffusing cheeks and brow.

" Dear father-"

" I man fair min!" cried Hugh, in a sudden burst

of passionate energy.

which she could not understand.

"I can not on lure it," he said, grasping her hand tightly "Every time you have uttered that word since my return, it has almost distracted me. Can not you guess why, Myrde?"

Her eyes fell under the glow of tender light which burned

in his. She trembled with a sudden apprehension.

"It is because I love you with other than paternal love, darling Myrtle. Since the first moment of my return, I leave felt how impossible it was for me to resist the torrent of passion which rushes through my heart. You are to me my Myrtle—the Myrtle of old, when I ence loved with the ferver of youth. It is true that your mother—for I feel that she was your mother—was filse; but, in your heart, Myrtle, there is nothing but truth. You have not learned the ways of the world. You are my boylor is dream. Will you marry me?"

Peor child! how she trendled! He thought it was all with mailen timidity, and put his arm around her and drew her to his side. She leaned her head upon his shoulder, sobbling: "You are my father, Mr. Fielding. Oh, still remainso, or you will break my heart!"

"Pather!" again be exclaimed, in a voice of such concentrated feeling that she involuntarily looked up into his pale

face.

"I tell you I all not hear it. Wife is a much dearer term than daughter, Myrtle"—how ten lerly he spoke the worl whe!—"and, if you can not be that, I must go away again—back to the loveless like I hel before I found you, a little sle ping, helpless child, upon the prairie."

With a great, high-hearted struggle of duty and gratitude over youthful love, Myrtle flung her arms, in the old chillish

way, about his neck.

"You shall not do that, fa- Hugh; I will be whatever you wish. I will be your wife, Mr. Fielding."

#### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE PLOT.

Mn. First in a was reclining at his leisure upon a knoll bean that the lightheliter by the long grass which rustled or in I him. A volume of "Shakspeare," open at the "Miles and I him. A volume of "Shakspeare," open at the "Miles and r N' his Dre ra," had no ally drepped from his lond; will be it in all all of the fables and the lovers of the ly in not ing upon his own happines. The clink of working his ham is, as they care I and polished the stone for his will be san to upon his care pleasantly; for, as the hum of the last like I summer and summer sweets, the soft turnult of the distant work told of a home and a wife.

The first thing which rous I him from his reverie was the an left appearable to the years of the Line up, he saw his Myrth and the years artist shall be a like a read mana, to and fro, on the level stretch like it. I have him At fro, he could distinguish no word.

At I is a like of the twin nor intend to, though his criticity has easied by the abelling interest with which they appearable it. I have a like a like the participation of him, at like the participation of him, at like the participation of him, at like the children.

in woman?"

see her beautiful face bathed in tears.

The file of the file of the term of the New York of Williams of the file of th

gratitude and duty did I consult our happiness before that of my friend, my beneficier, my more than father. You know all that he has done for me—all the claims he has upon me. I should rather we should both the miscrable all our lives than to be the one to inflict pain upon him. You do not ask it, do you, John?"

"No, no, I do not. His claims are superior to mine. But

oh, Myrtle, it is killing me l'

"Don't say that, John. You will be happy some time, if only to reward you for your nolle sacrifice now: I know you will. Heaven will blos you. Good-by."

Her companion gazed at her as if he could not tear him elf

away.

"Go, go, dear John. Good-by."
"O God! Myrtle. Good-by."

He turned from her with a listless, weary step, and went away, having her leaning a gainst a young maple-tree, leoking

after him with blinded eyes.

High had heard and son it all. Slowly his anger had in Red away, as he heard this youthful pair bravely renounceing what was their evilent happin in him. For the firt time, his own which says rel to him. What right hal he to require the lare and day of that young heart which had turned someth more not mally to a more fitting mate? Ye, let let let to actuant let, prottunt conscious of his man acquirements as he was, that J ha Jones, with his hopila bearty and enthre is meand thesh feeling, was a more mitable companion than he for the thir girl who had cheen him. Yet he hal not maint to be shish. He level livrile too well far that. Ah, it was always his fate to play the mater-to-sothe united cap smatched away, to know no finition of his ligies. He was too much of a hero to shrink from the critic. II could not blight the happines of two young sould be a 1 of pears of bliss for himself. He would emulate the got te i'y which he had just een. He was I to it and call the Ly to return and revive team his hards the met precis gill which helted with the attent to call, Le found his threates parchel that no sound would can drom it. The dispriment was to trible like the many him too suddenly.

The diplical writinen's lamm is still smote upon his cars, hat new the some was fall of pain; he felt as if he must put a cop to it; he wished a pandysis to seize upon that noble 1 :: :: :: :: : it, as it stool-daing it forever, undinished and desired it in the lat never falfil its de tiny as a home of warmith, and limmy, and comfort, the shelter of loving hearts, the bittle-pine of herry children. Unfinished, and going to d y, the unideal promise of a home, showing its wealth of it is and splanter of propertions, only to make its ruin the maie consider as well it not be like his life, thus unsuls . Try, thus che and of its development? A bitterness n. r litt r ti. n that of his first disappointment welled up in his sol. I'm un'r the shallow of the hand upon which his iri. I was draged, he watched in sil nee, until the young still had west her if quiet and walked away in the direction chine town. Then he are and sauntered listlessly toward the new man in. Years Jones was overseeing the work as 1 . ... Pro lying Mr. Filling, he approached him.

"I have with a and very important reasons for resigning the character year work," he had not not a low but firm voice.

"He was an emily a fingle, an grily.

"I do not think I shall put you to any inconvenience by did put of the plans are so misting their hand the workso for progress hith it can be this i with the item be this i with the item be to the Waltander, who promises to take my place—"

Je Par par place, John Je Par Can take your place, John Je Par Can take your place, John

was in master in the final strangely savage tone.

"I ... reput I sill a trebayen, sir; you must fallil

y remainstantian, errichit the while"

Mr. 11. 11. 1 was ustally so court are and considerate in all lines. In the John I oked up and add; there was a dark in the possible in the possible he is so unstalled in the possible he is s

The interest conduction this work according to

solve you."

Poor Hugh! his companion little guessed what a tempest warred within him; and that he was only putting on a little outside fiercene's to cover a purpose the most unselfish and pure. The only consolation he had in his solitate of heart, was the playing of a pretty farce, by which he kept two young people miserable for the time being, with the expectation of surprising them with a double and overwhelming happiness by and by. Not one hint did he give of the knowledge he possessed, but exacted of the young architect the falfilment of his contract, thus keeping him in the vicinity so traught, to him, with dangerous dreams and mocking desires. Almost every day, as the summer special shaft as the following:

"Hurry up the workmen, John, my boy. Don't you know the welding is set for the 10th of September? We must have welding and house-warming at the same time."

Or this :-

"You are doing so nicely, John, you shall come to the welling to pay for this. You shall dance with the bride."

As often as twice a week his hand-ome op a barouche would drive up into the new grounds; the spirited bay here a would be che ket with a gay thorrish, and the owner of the estellishment would hand out its future mistress to spinla half-hour in inspecting the progress made on the mand on and Living his opinion as to this improvement and that, and would it suit her teste to have things thus and so, as if he feated upon their seret mis ry. Mr. Pielling somel to make opport values for the owing the young pair into each oth r's said ty. Their to be were mutually consulted, and they were letto decide matters of minor importance to themely a. It was crael of the arch plotter-he knew it was, yet he jetil I harself with glowing pictures of a fature surprise in which all this writch in as should be blotted out in relien and no dor, and he only be the suffring purty-a subject when in en should know was wretched. It would have be a hard Carigh for the young couple to forget each other little grant squal into one and for wer, as they had record to be. He malithe limps lack, our will haloman mains a light min., yet he tolk a strangelle in preciving the neith Principle of bith-low well they guarded this is a line

actived in their voices, how innocent their greetings, and farewells.

Myrile was a fing according to the promptings of gratitude and daty; and she did not intend to humiliate her sacrifice by any the ight or deal which should wrong the man she had any the ight or deal which should wrong the man she had any the light or deal which should wrong the man she had in mis 1 to marry. She mackly obeyed his suggestions as to the projection in arriage.

"Have you plenty of mency to buy pretty things, Myrtle?"

"Isylasis, Mr. Fielling. My purse is always supplied.
No matter how much I waste, the next time I open it, it is
full."

"A chairtable pure, in leed. But really, my dear, you are not extravelent. Have you ordered the wedding dress?"

"Mrs. Dennisen Las, I believe. I trusted it to her."

Myrib. Do you know I am particular about halies' dress?
I have to so youth hand pretty creatures booking like roses and lilies."

" Mrs. D mil n will so that it is all it should be-she has

the same taste, I believe."

"And are you in lift rat? Your girls usually go half-

"Why, m., Mr. Phillips, I has I am not in liferent. I

should like to look to please you."

"This is the finite of Squanter," said her seating her by his time, is in the day, Myrthet in the important of the parties of the parties."

"It is made, and it is beautiful enough to please you, be you as fistilious as you may: white silk, rich and shining, covered with costly, delicate lace; flowers on the bosom; a wreath for my hair, and a vail of the most exquisite design. Mrs. Dennison sent to New York for them. Mrs. Dennison takes great interest in these things; but she does not seem in as good spirits lately. She says I am to be envised."

She seemed to be talking to keep thought away, and to prevent him saying those tend r things which girls generally love to hear. He looked at her closely while she chattered away; her check was surely growing thinner, though suffused with the bloom of excitement; there was a sadness, as of unshed tears, in the faltering eyes—yet she smiled, such tremulous, lovely smiles, and tried hard to seem gay and glad. He worshiped her all the more, as he saw the depths of her character thus proved by circumstance. Those gentle smiles touched him to renew more firmly his yow to scarre her happiness, and let his own take care of itself.

"It is only five days more," he murmured. "Let me keep you till then; let me call you mine until then. Five days will not rob you of many dimples which the future will not restore to your cheeks."

"What did you say, Mr. Fielding?"

"I was 'talking in my sleep'—no matter what I sail. Mrs. Dennis on has been low-spirited, has she? Well, I have a present for her. Ask her to accept it from me as a triding return for her kindness to you. She must wear them to the wedding."

He showed her a velvet-lined box, containing a superb set of jewels—brooch and car-rings—a large diamond in each, at about with small emeralds.

"And here is my gift to you; you must wear it with the vail and wreath," and he placed in her hand a necklace of pearls.

"You are too good to me," murmured Myrtle, tremulously, hardly looking at the besutiful ernament. She felt as if she had wronged this generous man by ever having had a thought of another, no matter how consciently sly she now strove to forget that other.

"Come, Myrrie, you look regretful. Do you not like the

pearls? Never mind; we will change them, then. Play for me, now. I have not heard you sing for a fortnight."

He led her to the piano.

"What shall I sing? have you any choice?"

"Here is a mething that reads prettily; I do not think I have hear I the music. Try it, and I will tell you if it pleases me."

itself:

Lida, lady of the land,

lida crowl of gallant suitors;

She hath barons kneeling mute,

To hear the fortune of her proffers;

All—except the honest suit

JOHNET GORDON humbly offers.

"LIDA, lady of the land,
Keep your wondrous charms untroubled,
May your wile donain expand.
May your goals and gold he doubled!
Keep your lords on bended knee!
Take all earth, and leave us lonely,
All—except you take from me
Humble Johnny Gordon only!"

Which rit were the name of Johnny alone, or whether it were the mile relief by that she had lest her humble lover, or what he as that ever any poor Myrtle so, hardly had she finish I the explaint note of the more fortunate mailen in the hat than she hard into tears, and hastily fled from the room. "Por child she is getting nervous," marmured Mrs. Don's a, who had come into the parlor during the singing; "I not yet think she is not?" young to marry, Mr. Piel ling?

· - illy up randomich-so much-"

Mr fitt I to be her fither, my dear lady. Well, per lass — but it is rather late to be making such reflections. May I to the year to take charge of this necklade, which she has forgue at And here is a triffe which I trust you will her making to the welling."

The lady and the gift with smiles, and Hugh bowel him by the derkness, and walked five miles by star-

land, burthe all compact himself.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

#### MYRTLE'S MOTHER.

That mysterious plot by which Hugh Fielding wished to immolate himself at the moment when he raised others to the pinnacle of happiness, was to allow the preparations for the wedding to go on, as if he were to be the bridegroom, and at the last moment, when the company was assembled, to refuse to take that important part upon himself, but allot it to John Iones, Jr., while he sank into the second place as groomsman.

But "the best laid plans will oft go wrong," as this one threatened to now, very much to his chagrin. John Jones was not to be heard from. The day and hour that his part of the contract had been finished, he had vanished from the vicinity. He was not the person to stay and lament over his misfortunes, working himself up into frenzy by watching the cappiness of another, which he coveted for himself.

He had disappeared, and to an artfully-put question, Myrtle returned such an answer, that Hugh found she was ignorant of his whereabouts. So were the uncle and the aunt. Here was a pretty kettle of fish for a man who had laboriously concocted quite a different dish. Hugh did not know, after all, but he should be under the necessity of marrying Myrtle himself, or delaying the wedding, which would be almost as had, seeing everybody was invited, the cake baked, the dress completed, the minister engaged, and the new house put in order.

"Dear suz!" sail Mrs. Jones, when he went to her caldin, to inquire about her nephew. "I hain't the least idee where the boy is. He's been gone a week now, and it wouldn't s'prise me a bit if he was 'way back to York. He's seemed home-lick and discontented, lately. He was always in lop nelent, John was—goin' and comin' and doin' as he pleased. Not that he ever pleased to do any thing had, for he didn't; there never was a better nor a smarter key, that hed had no in re-

experienties, if I do say it, as am his aunt. He's never had a mether, poor boy, since he was five year old. And you come to invite him to the weddin'? it's mighty polite of you, sir; and I'm sorry he's gone off, for I know he'd have liked to go first-rate. He's always taken a shine to Miss Myrtle, and he'd like to be to her wedding, I know."

"I den't deut that!" ejaculated her visitor; "and it's highly important he should be there. In fact, Mrs. Jones, I'm affail Miss Myrth will foll as if she couldn't get married

without he were present."

"You don't say so I well, it's very kind of her, to be sure; and I'm dreabled a rry he's given us the slip so. I've been over to the new house, so in' to things. The carpets is all down how, and the rams well aired; the kitching is furnished really i're him, and black Dinah is there seein' to the vittals. Shall have two more cut to help her the day of the weddin', to it's the walters, and I've seen to the rooms upstairs. Every thing is laking boutful; the new furniture is sot in the chanders. If the fixin's for the parlors and the liberray cannot be a row, every thing will be ready in time. I wender to have made John char out just now. He hain't cat nuthin't a made and a society to be powerful quiet, but they say I'lls as written I make pictures is subject to such turns, and I didn't mind it in particular."

"And you hait know where a note would reach him, if I

chould try to send him one?"

"N. I lait. He may be in York State, and he may be in M. J. in I. Two din't do no harm to write to Clarkville, N. w York, I at he called got it in time to come to the wellad. May be he laid to be a sublined as he went off."

"Will, if he dealt. Fine effect hell have our e to repent it,"

Little of han to him. It, adding aloud: "I shall

it right and Ma Janes, at all events; don't disappoint

me."

"La! I hay I the cent of the kitching, where I'm bely ing

Jones, with a courtesy.

"Note I whip the mode of him your lost, and be noted. Mr. Jan This is an ecasion when ear wishes to so all their is rejiting with him—and who are more training this is then y u and your hish and."

"Indeed, and I do not believe any one is, so far as that goes," replied she, looking at him with respect and a lamination. "I'd have like I, right well, to have given Miss Myrtle suthin' handsome as a present; but poor folks like us has nothin' to give that would be acceptable, so I've baked the bride-cake, and a beauty it is! There's a ring in it, too—a real gold ring—which John give me to put in; and whoever gets it will be married next, they say."

"Good-day, Mrs. Jones, and if you hear from your nephew, let me know."

"I will, immejetly, Mr. Fieldin'."

It was too had to ruin such a striking and romantic decorament, as Hugh had consoled himself with contriving. He was walking to and fro across the lawn in front of the new house, thinking of it. It wanted but two days to that set forth in the invitations; whether to recall those, with notes worded, "deferred till further notice," or whether to allow athlies to proceed and wind up, as everybody, save himself, expected, were the two horns of this dill name.

"That provoking young rascal! he deserves to less all he might have gained," he mattered, kicking a will-rese in the face, who was listening with innecent curi-sity to his following.

"What are you treating that pretty thwer so redely for?" asked an arch voice at his chow; he turned, growing red in the face, at being caught in such an ungentlemanly act.

"Why, Myrtle! what's browlet you over here? I haven't been able to get you near this place for a formight. You seem to be growing shy of your future home."

"It seems so strange to think I am to live here so soon with you—your wife—that I am almost afraid of it. But Mis. Denni in had occasion to consult the house here about the arrangements, and she insisted upon my coming along. She is in the house now, deep in consultation with Aunt Dinah; she soft me to pay my respects to you."

"I am very much officed to Mrs Denni a. Will you

take my arm for a stroll, little Fird?"

How she started at the world! how pale she grew, and hardly with happiness, though she strove to force a smile! The little trembling hand sought his arm, and she walked by

his sile, sile, pale, abstracted. He pitied her. He saw the off rishe was making to appear to be happy. He wished the fares were over. When he had reinstated her in her birth-night of j y and love—when he had crowned his queen with the falliess of a ment—had beheld her supremely blessed, exquisibly stateful and joyous—he would be ready to retire to the notation by shades of perpetual old bachelorhood. They came, in the course of their walk, to the same old oak-tree, under whose shalow Hugh had sat, when he saw and heard the post nate parting of the two lovers. It was evident to him that Myrth recall I the scene, for she leaned upon his arm more having, and he amost d that she was weeping, from the way in which for her likerchief stole to her eyes at intervals.

"It us sit here and rest," said Hugh, not appearing to not her tears. "I'm so provoked, little one, to think that I ha J n s has gene off, without staying to the wedding." At the mention of that name he felt a quiver of the hand he held.

"Why should wer-I thought-I didn't know-"

"That I are large thing about that young scapegrace. But I are I allow and respect him much, and would have been the large hard that I are half a large to proper it until he is heard from. Say, pass, do not him properties the disappointment?"

He was been her free with such a quer look, bull-

s ries, builted, as to provide by most completely.

"Willy, Hall, what do you mean? do you really wish Mr. Jan to be produced, so much as that?—for any part, I am glad be is gone."

"F. n int will the crum my direct?"

In the first the proposition of a period o

"India, " in all cha. I shall d'Ir to your superier judi-

ment," she answered, presently.

The many many me, it is a new to my judement; and it is really and the same all-powerful research in the sam

Well, my little girl, I want to tell you that I chanced to witness an interview which took place between you and that silly boy—"

"He isn't a boy," interrupted Myrtle, proudly.

"Between you and that silly young gentleman, from which I had reason to infer that he was deeply interested in you, and I wished him to be at your wedding."

"Oh! Mr. Fielding, I did not think you could be so cruel!"

exclaimed Myrtle, Loking up at him reproachfully.

"Why shouldn't I be cruel?" he asked, setting his features into a sternness which frightened her. "I have been cruelly treated—twice I have been cruelly disappointed—is it not enough to make a man revengeful?"

"But I have tried to do right, oh! Mr. Fielding, I have tried!"

That innocent face turned to his with such a look of pain, the tears streaming down the pale cheeks, made him wish to clasp her in his arms and exclaim—

"Yes, my brave girl, and for all this girlish heroism thou shalt have thy reward!"

While he was still debating whether it was possible for him thus suddenly to immobate himself, another person was a lded to the scene.

A hely came along the path from the cabin, looking about as if in search of some one. When she caught sight of Myrtle, she paused a moment and looked at her earnestly—but not more carnestly than Hugh wis new regarding her. She was a fine looking woman, of perhaps forty—she looked thirty-five—and beautiful as in her earliest youth. Her bonnet was swinging from her arm, for the day was warm. Her hair was put up in a chasic brail behind, and clustered in rich timplets down either side of her face; her checks were as fair as a girl's, and dashed with exercise, her form was full but grace-ful, and her step light.

"Is the dead alive?" gasped Hugh.

She he ard and saw him not: her eyes were upon the fice of the young girl. She throw her bound and scari upon the grant and ran and chapted her in her are.

"My child—my own little Minnie! say, are you not?" she crick, halling the surprisel girl away from her, so as to gaze again upon her countenance.

"I am Myrtle-Myrtle Fielding. What do you mean?"

"Fights into st heart. "Hugh Fielding!—was it he who found you?"

"It was."

"And were you let, fifteen years ago this day, upon a

Practice Sinch, speak quickly: are you my child?"

"Are you my mather?" was the response: and the two clary I hands and clang together as if they had longed for on hother show the moment they were so terribly separated.

"Myrthe, do I see you again?" said a deep voice beside

them.

Bill start it but it was not cor Myrtle who was addressed this tim. The haly gave one glance of these still glorious eyes into Heigh's, and stark fainting in his arms.

"I rain," he heard her whisper, as her senses deserted

her.

Myrtier in for water to the lake, while Hugh supported that I will be a notion with a strange emotion. Shows sire show him kinsing these pale checks as she had be to be with her straw hat dripping from the wave.

"It was too mail," sail Mrs. Sherwood, as she came back to in a "It is wask and foolish for well people to faint.

But to find my child, and to find you, Hugh!"

with him is, as the dreariness of twenty years returned

upon his heart.

"Not mine all a ." was the reply. "That I was not firm all in a side of the mandates of a father, who had a selfished in a side of the interpolation of that man, that man," she added, with a side of the interpolation period of so farfally, and who was the later of the continuous."

spect, if not affection."

When Mrs. Shows I was recover I sufficiently to sit upon the growth in it is true, and tell the story of the past, which is in the attract in the nore circumstantial, of what have a batter they were surprised by the Indians and the indicate here is they were surprised by the Indians and foring, the wife of the other murdered man, were driven off in the waron; and in an attempt to escape with her child from the back of the vehicle, she had been detected, and jerked back so rudely as to cause her to drop the infint. They would not pease to pick it up, but hurried on, unmindful of her agony.

She herself chanced to have a knife in her pocket, which she resolved should liberate her by death, if no other chance of succor offered; and pessibly it might be of service in secur-

ing her both life and liberty.

The first day, they left the wagon and journeyed on foot through the wilderness. Her companion sank down, and died before night. She journeyed on, urged by the speed of her termenters, until the second night, when they bound her, hungry, weary, with bleeding feet and anguished heart, to the earth, and went off for water and foed, intending to return and camp at that place. They had stopped before reaching water, because she could go no further. As soon as they disappeared down a hill-side, leaving not one to watch her, she cut the thron's which bound her, and ran for her life. She did not know, when she are e, that she could place one for t before the other; but four and hope gave her superhum in en rry. In a few minut's she came to a stream. In this she wall to put them at fault. The col water so that her wound I feet and revived hers he what. She ran for a long time down the stream, until, coming to a wild place where reals and ravings promised places of concalment, she made her way up the bank, and, by fortune, stumbled into a cavern, over which she drew the vines which had before concealed it, and lay down in the darkness, for it was now twillight. Overcome by fatione, she fill asleep, depite her for of will animals and her willer termenters. When she awoke it was day.

All that day she did not dure to venture out. Since be tries were growing among the most at the month of the cave, and with a handful of those she cooked her thirst. He sing nothing to alarm her, as so in as it again come night, he pind her had been in her hand, the coupt out, and went, as repidly as her strength would permit, still further away from the place. She walled he if the night and shot the rest. The next day

she from the woods into astrant country. A single cabin told of civilization. She crashel to the der, and was received by an old woman, who has in I hantel and fished for a living. There she was ill fra manth, lying on a bed of buffalo-skins; but the I ile were as kind to her as they knew how to be. She hals mum, but they would not take it. When she was city, the cit man accompanied her a couple of days till they reached the edge of a settled country, and left her. She i in lout that she was a hundred miles from the spot where her had and was murlered. After various trilling adventures, by i gring and working, she reached her own home, where Converse had I my given her up for dead. Her child, she laint a derit, was deal. They told her about Mr. Fielding's letter, well she then has a that her little babe had perishel of high; and hanger in the solitary prairie.

It was several years before she recovered entirely from the off is of her sufering and grief. She had never been a leaf to the high marest chance she had heard, only with a model to the circumstance of a child being that he is a faint here, to that city, and there had then, included by a faint here, to that city, and there had

heard more particulars.

When she can have brief and harried narrative, Hugh to kethe trendling hand which by in her hap, and pressed it have notice own, as if to as ure her that her troubles were over.

Der filler," whi parel Myrtle in his ear, "don't you think you call be per mal. I to let me pass as your little daughter, again?"

that by your suit off in such a hurry, some weeks ago."

#### CHAPTER IX.

#### THE HAPPY CONSUMMATION.

MYRTLE did not return with Mrs. Dennison that afternoon; but the rest of that day and evening were spent with her newly-found mother, in a private parlor of the hotel.

"Isn't it odd? I wish you could wear my wedding-dress,

mother, but I guess it will hardly fit you."

"And if it would, it would searcely be appropriate. It will not be long before you will need it yourself, I fear!"

It was Myrtle's turn now to blush.

"Seven o'clock. Hugh was to be here at seven;" and the lady looke lat the tiny watch in her belt as impatiently as if she were sweet sixteen, instead of fair and forty.

"And here he is," said he, stepping in at the moment.

"I have come for your answer, Mrs. Sherwood. You know you arrived just in time to help me out of an embarrassing dilemma. The cards are all out for a wedding—shall there be one—or must there be cake baked to no purpose? Dinah will be in despair, and everyboly disappointed. I, for one, shall go wild with disappointment."

"It seems a strange exchance," murmured the blushing

widow, looking at her lovely daughter.

"But appropriate, I am convinced," continued the gentleman.

"Oh, mamma, do not refuse. You expect to consint sometime, and the sooner the better. It will be so charming! We will surprise every one! I will not even confide it to Mrs. Dennison. No one will know who the bride really is to be, until we take our places upon the floor. I will wear my dress, and be your bride-mail. Oh! I think it will be very charming!" Hugh looked at her radiant countenance; he had not seen her so much like her own self since he had refused to her the relation of father; he realized mere vivilly than ever what a feelight thing he would have done to have sha lowed and chilled that sunny brightness.

"If it's jealousy of your daughter which carees you to be i

tate. I assure you that I have had no intention of marrying har;" here to that he had a showed their surprise in their expression. "But I to me sit here, on this soft, where I can talk at a second I'll to the late of the girl here, when you come to their sore, my dear lady. You must know that I overheard a cruin tour-to-lowed and magnificently-heroic interview between two posts of their young people, who mutually avowed their willings to brok their own hearts, and their firm decreased in the price of all their hopes, wishes, and peace of mind generally."

"Not be log mind of the permit such suicidal proceedings, and being total by the degree of devotion shown for the write local beautiful and the interested myself in their case. The permit was about to fly the country, but I detained him by for each country to the Link I hall be tween us, thinking that when the time had come to sacrifice the ogre who—"

"Not taker, I won't hear to such slander," again interrect the print like young girl, and he filt a soft hand upon either cook, which has king to I the progress of his narrative.

"We see I be in them and felicity, that I should be like all it corrying out my little plot, which was notify the remarks than to be letter mourning brile is it the prior, only to a tas poisition, and give her away to it in it is ly yearly, said also name not from the slough of it put to the mourning point and the prior of the point s."

"I it paid in the mand the went the voice.

"I call to a set that there was a touch of the dramatic in any limit to a set it cansold me for my own loss, and a set and any man in the uning it out, when, the first the limit to a decline. However, the property of the additional perplexity, but a part of the limit and a decline and perplexity, but a part of the limit and a decline. I was actually as any at large and a large and the state of the mink myself, to state from being a total loss!"

"What a distribute you are, Mr. Fillian! H John

"What did you say, my child?"

"Oh, nothing, papa. I was just thinking-

"What a pity it was that John had run away. It is a pity, indeed. We might have two weddings in one, and save time, trouble, and expense, you know."

"What is the name of this future son-in-law of mine?"

asked Mrs. Sherwood, with a smile.

"John Jones, Jr.," answere l Mr. Fielding. "A beautiful name," he added, maliciously, "very aristocratic, and to a rementic young girl, I should think it would be enough of itself. Some of his relatives are fashionable people. That was his aunt I

intro luced to you, in the cabin, Mrs. Sherwood."

"What's in a name?" asked Myrtle, with a flushing check.

"I'd marry a man, if I loved him, if his name was Nebuchadnezzer. And as for his aunt, she's as warm-hearted and excellent a woman as there is in the world. She'd be much truer to me in sickness or misfortune than any of these 'fashionable relatives' would. John is poor now, dear mother, but he will soon be in lepen lent, if not rich, with his genius—for he has genius, manana—and I love him, which is enough. There's nothing should ever induce a young girl to marry except love—"

"Or duty," interposed Mr Fielling.

"I don't know," answered Myrtle, "I may have carried my sons; of duty too fer—I think now I did. No matter—I have you will love John, and be proud of him, mamma."

"I don't don't it, my durling. I wish he were here this evening. I shall be the last person to oppose you upon grounds of riches or policy. It was that part, played by a parent, which blight I my life," she sighed, and looked away solly, as at a dreary put which she saw in space before her.

"Do not talk of blight," said Hugh; "your life shall blessom again. We will a rot t that we are not as young as Myrtle and John. We will think it is in frolic only that we call than our children — as little girls do their dells,"—she smiled —" and now, I take it for granted, that I have your consent to have the arrangements proceed."

Mrs. Dennison was surprised at the exective lightness of spirits of her file charge the day preceding the welling. Brides elect are usually thoughtful, if not positively mel-

are in y, at the neur approach of so important an event; but Myrtie was like a thistle-down, dancing upon a summer breeze. No cas was made acquainted with the fact that the laived to have her mother; Mrs. Sherwood passed for and inthe and the mal of Mr. Fildling's, who had been invited to

the coming festival.

At let the half at at evening arrived; gay parties went from Wakwaka out to the brilliantly-illaminated new mansion when the carein my was to be performed. The large parlors were the neal; curi sky and interest were at the height; the While precedes the entrance of the billing any to he place. To Mrs. Dennison was assigned the 1. i. rei'r ing the gress-a situation she was eminently quille it it it is receivily. That hely herself was not entirely . . that same the ampateriors was hovering about. When she not seem to herself put the fini-i.i. ; : : : : : : : : : : : t, the young girl had playfully refused to have her vail put on.

"White and the last to man," sie sail; "Mrs. Sherwood

will arrange it for me, if I wish it."

Me. In the and a judge lenk at that hely, and retired. It was no was in that in this hart to find here if supplanted he this sirm in all r passed motherly care of her pupil. Die in hily was about her own are, and much hand-. ... T: de we de le collecte la larrell that Mrs. Sherwe is a self line of the first evening, thering about Mirria area in the first the later. She were, the strange Life in the minimum of the color, without any ornanch, to it ame it. I'll l. ir, it to I with a gall comb, and distribution of the state of th with the property of the prope brilliant and tender.

" I - I had be the telephone to the the " whi per I Myrth.

There is the thing which distinct the young girl war in the leing bride initial in the intermediate since was obligated accompa . I . . I de i . . . . . I the viller, arr the and gracein! carried bands he was not John Jones.

When the bridal-party came into the thronged parlors, and silence fell upon the assembly, surprise was the one emotion with which the guests beheld Hugh Fielding taking as his wife that strange lady by his side, unknown to every one of them, and Myrtle playing the part of bridemaid.

One person there was in that throng with whom surprise was also infinite joy. Standing out upon the portice, too sail to enter, not wishing to be seen, yet unable to stay away, lingered John Jones, who had returned to the scenes of his disappointment upon the day set to seal his unhappiness, thinking that he would steal one secret glance at the bride, in her beauty, then retreat to darkness and solitude, without disturbing her serenity by a sight of his wretchedness.

But as this meaning change in the programme dawned upon him, he lingered in a dream of joy, doubting his senses, obtraling further through the window into the room.

"Law suz!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, who had made her way forward to congratulate "the happy pair," and to express her wonder at the turn events had taken; "if there ain't John a peeking in the window!"

"You don't say so! nothing could be more fortunate! run,

child, and get your vail," exclaime I Mr. Fielling.

The blushing youth was dragged in by the exultant bridegroom, regardless of traveling attire, or stammered excuses; Myrthe's timid refusals were set at naught.

"This night, or never, his brile thou shelt be!" cried Hugh. Some one brought the brild vail and orange wreath from the chamber; the young pair stood up, and before they could realize their own delicious, unexpected happiness, they were receiving congratulations as Mr. and Mrs. John Jones.

Ne I any thing further be said of all the world of conjecture and remantic gossip which thatel about that evening? That double welling is still fresh in the memory of the guests, and the history of the beautiful Child of the Prairie is cherished among the annals of the city of Wakwaka.

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